

A

unt Effie's

RHYMES

• SET TO MUSIC •



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AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES

SET TO MUSIC

BY

T. CRAMPTON.



AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN

SET TO MUSIC BY T. CRAMPTON

WITH

THIRTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY HABLOT K. BROWNE



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

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DAME DUCK'S LECTURE TO HER DUCKLINGS.

Lively. mf

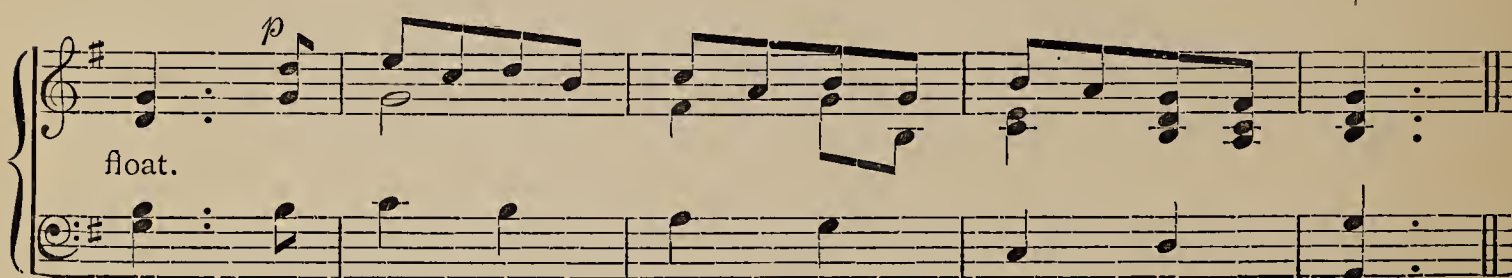
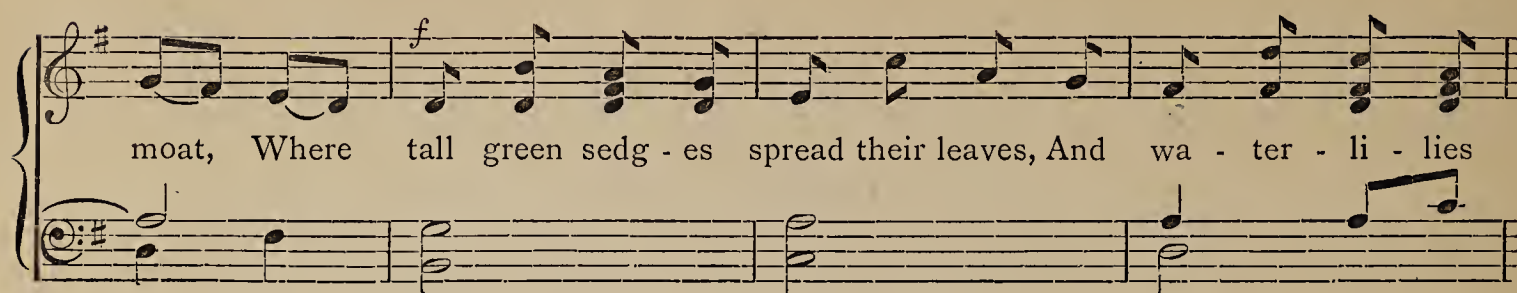
VOICE AND PIANO.

1. Old Mo - ther Duck has hatch'd a brood of Duck - lings, small and

cal - low: Their lit - tle wings are short, their down Is mot - tled grey and

p

yel - low. There is a lit - tle qui - et stream That runs in - to the



II.

Close by the margin of the brook
 The old Duck made her nest,
 Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
 And down from her own breast.
 And there she sat for four long weeks,
 In rainy days and fine,
 Until the Ducklings all came out—
 Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

III.

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
 One scrambled on her back;
 "That's very rude," said old Dame Duck,
 "Get off! quack, quack, quack, quack!"
 'Tis close," said Dame Duck, shoving out
 The egg-shells with her bill;
 "Besides, it never suits young ducks
 To keep them sitting still."

IV.

So, rising from her nest, she said,
 "Now, children, look at me:
 A well-bred duck should waddle so,
 From side to side—d 'ye see?"
 "Yes," said the little ones, and then
 She went on to explain:
 "A well-bred duck turns in its toes
 As I do:—try again."

V.

"Yes," said the Ducklings, waddling on :
 "That 's better," said their mother ;
 "But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
 Straight—one behind another."
 "Yes," said the little Ducks again,
 All waddling in a row.
 "Now to the pond," said old Dame Duck :
 Splash, splash ! and in they go.

VI.

"Let me swim first," said old Dame Duck,
 "To this side, now to that ;
 There, snap at those great brown-winged flies,
 They make young ducklings fat.
 Now, when you reach the poultry-yard,
 The hen-wife, Molly Head,
 Will feed you with the other fowls,
 On bran and mashed-up bread.

VII.

"The hens will peck and fight, but mind,
 I hope that all of you
 Will gobble up the food as fast
 As well-bred ducks should do.
 You 'd better get into the dish,
 Unless it is too small ;
 In that case, I should use my foot,
 And overturn it all."

VIII.

The Ducklings did as they were bid,
 And found the plan so good,
 That, from that day, the other fowls
 Got hardly any food.
 Thus Old Dame Duck brought up her brood
 In such a genteel way,
 That every little waddler kept
 Improving every day.





THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

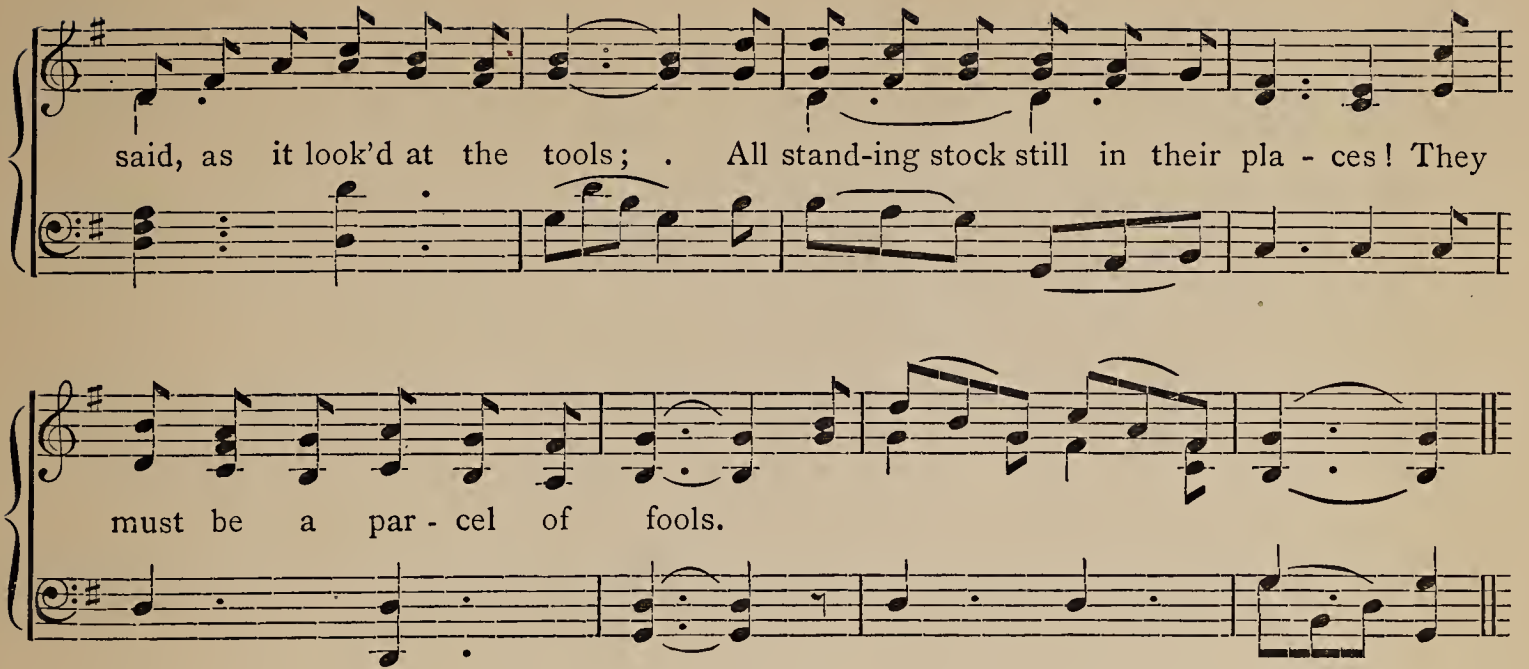
Cheerfully.

mf

One morn-ing a spruce lit - tle Gim - let Look'd in - to a car - pen - ter's

shop, And stand - ing right up on its screw, It sur -

- vey'd it from bot - tom to top. . . "Much com - pa - ny, no con - ver - sa - tion," it



II.

"Are you well?" said the spruce little Gimlet,
Addressing itself to the Plane.
"Pretty well, when I'm well fed on shavings
That are not too coarse in the grain."
"And you, do you like your vocation?"
"T is wearisome work," said the Saw,
"To gnaw all day long at hard timber;
It gives one a pain in the jaw."

III.

"Do you sleep well up there in your hammock?"
It said to the Tenpenny Nails,
Which, in the two ends of a wallet,
Hung down like a couple of scales.
The Gimlet awaited their answer,
And seemed not a little amused
When the Tenpennies frankly confessed
That, as yet, they had never been used.

IV.

So then it inquired of the Hatchet,
That hung with its sharp-looking nose
Hooked over a peg in the wall,
If it "liked dealing out heavy blows?"
The Hatchet vouchsafing no answer,
The Gimlet turned round on its screw,
And said to the great heavy Mallet,
"That question's intended for you."

V.

"I always was told," said the Mallet,
"To look at my friends when I spoke;—
My head aches a good deal this morning,
It suffers from every stroke."
"There should be one wise head among you;
Pray, what has become of the Square?"
A Bit of Chalk-Pencil informed it
That Ruler was not often there:

VI.

It was sent for, to make calculations,
And goes with the Carpenter's man,
Who consults it on every occasion
About the details of the plan.
"Will you dance?" it inquired of the Pincers;
"I see you're provided with legs,
Though I can't compliment you upon them—
A couple of queer-looking pegs."

VII.

Notwithstanding, the Pincers were flattered,
And straddling across a deal board,
They slid from the top to the bottom,
Without ever speaking a word.
The Gimlet turned merrily round
On its sharp little screw of a leg,
While the Pincers made many a bound
And a pirouette, poised on one leg.

VIII.

The Plane and the Saw and the Mallet
Made music—each such as it could;
And the whole Joiner's shop rang with laughter,
That pealed from the unseasoned wood.
'Twas funny to see how they capered,
And whirled about on the floor;
And every one said that such figures
They never saw danced before.

PUSSY-CAT.

Moderato.

1. Pus - sy - Cat lives in the ser - vants' hall,—She can set up her back and

3. "Squeak!" said the lit - tle Mouse; "squeak, squeak, squeak!" Said all the young ones
 4. "Squeak!" said the lit - tle Mouse, "we'll creep out And eat some Che - shire

purr,.... The lit - tle Mice live in a crack in the wall, But they

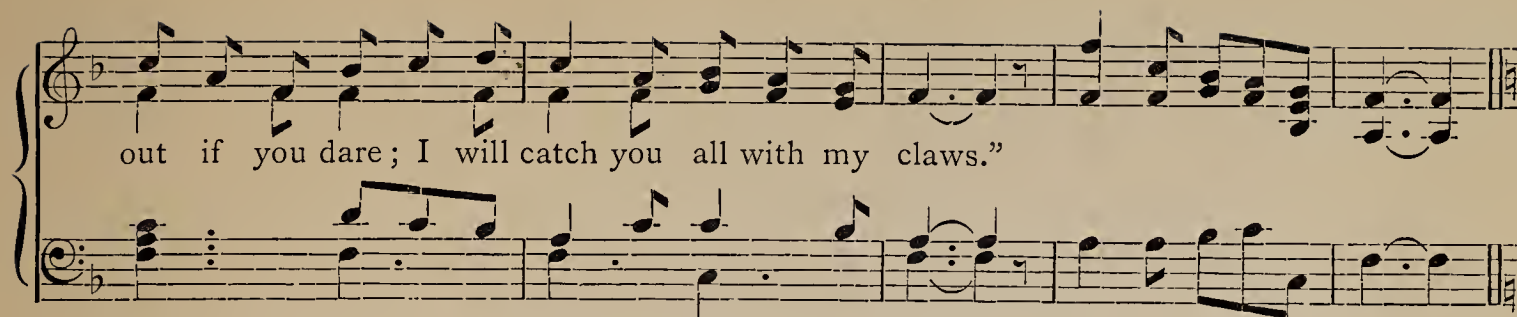
too; "We ne - ver creep out when cats are a - bout, Be - cause
 cheese;.. That sil - ly old Cat is a - sleep on the mat, And we

hard - ly dare ven - ture to stir;... For when - ev - er they think of

we 're a - fraid of you.".. So the cun - ning old Cat lay
 may sup at our ease." So the lit - tle Mice stole so

tak - ing the air, Or fill - ing their lit - tle maws, The Pus - sy - Cat says, "Come

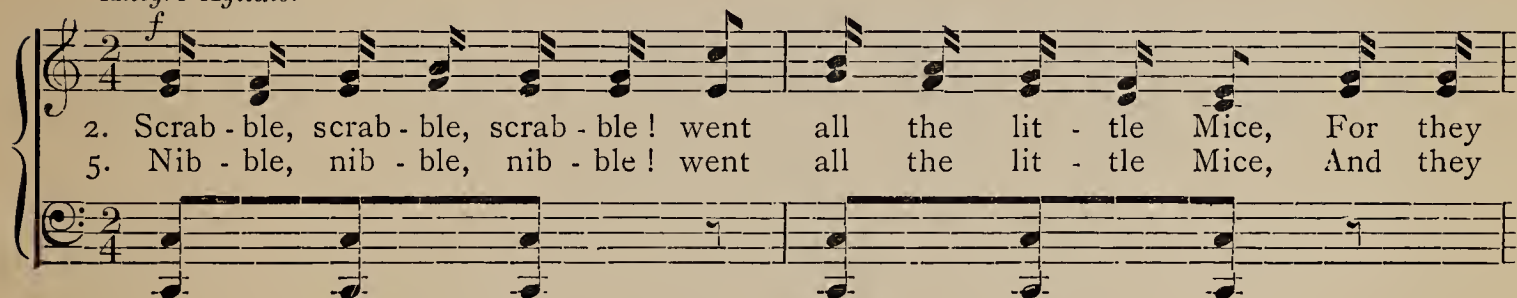
down on a mat By the fire in the ser-vants' hall: "If the lit - tle Mice peep, they'll
 care - ful - ly out And scam-per'd a - long the floor; And found out the cheese They



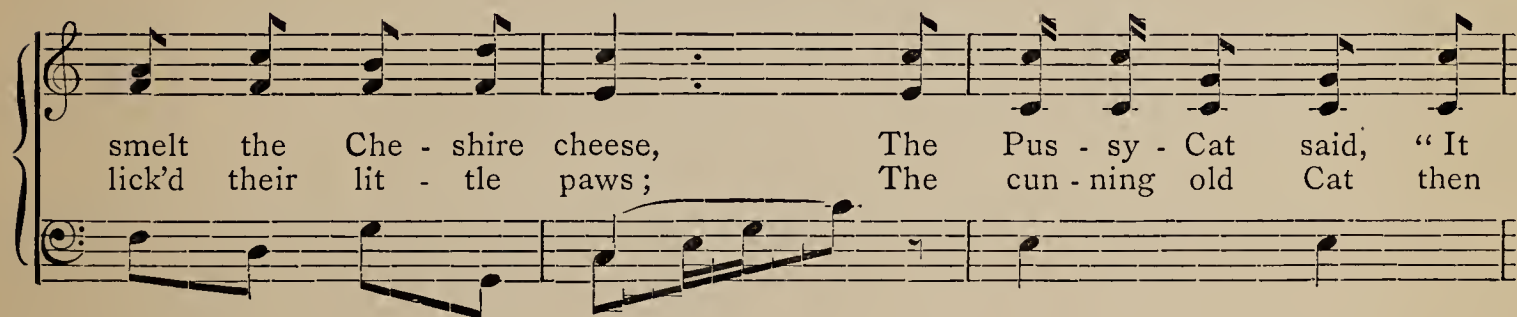
out if you dare; I will catch you all with my claws."

think I'm a-sleep;" So she roll'd her-self up like a ball.
wish-ed to seize Just be-hind the scul-le-ry door.

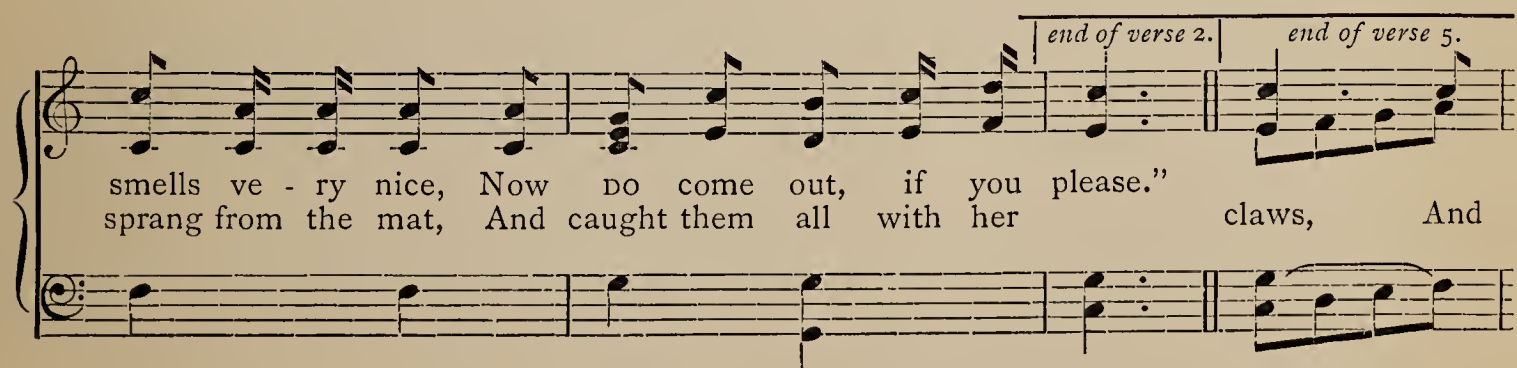
Allegro Agitato.



2. Scrab-ble, scrab-ble, scrab-ble! went all the lit-tle Mice, For they
5. Nib-ble, nib-ble, nib-ble! went all the lit-tle Mice, And they

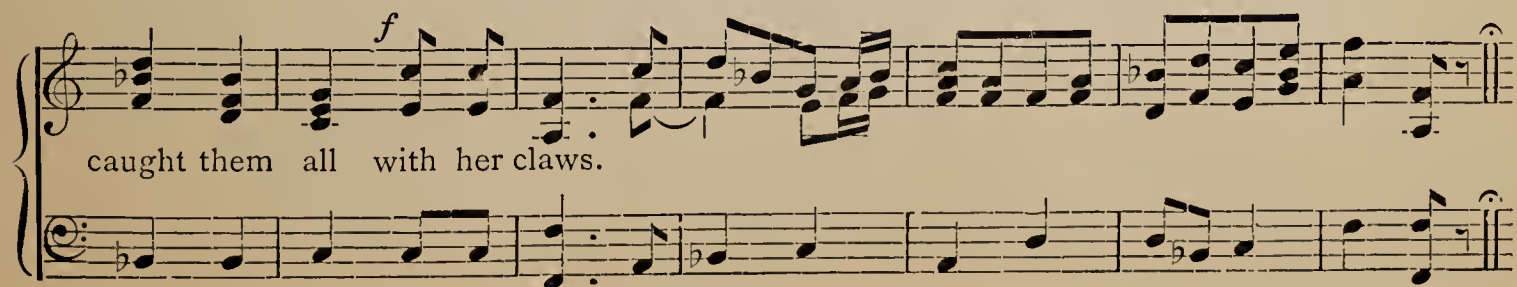


smelt the Che-shire cheese, The Pus-sy-Cat said, "It
lick'd their lit-tle paws; The cun-ning old Cat then



smells ve-ry nice, Now do come out, if you please."
sprang from the mat, And caught them all with her claws, And

end of verse 2. end of verse 5.



caught them all with her claws.

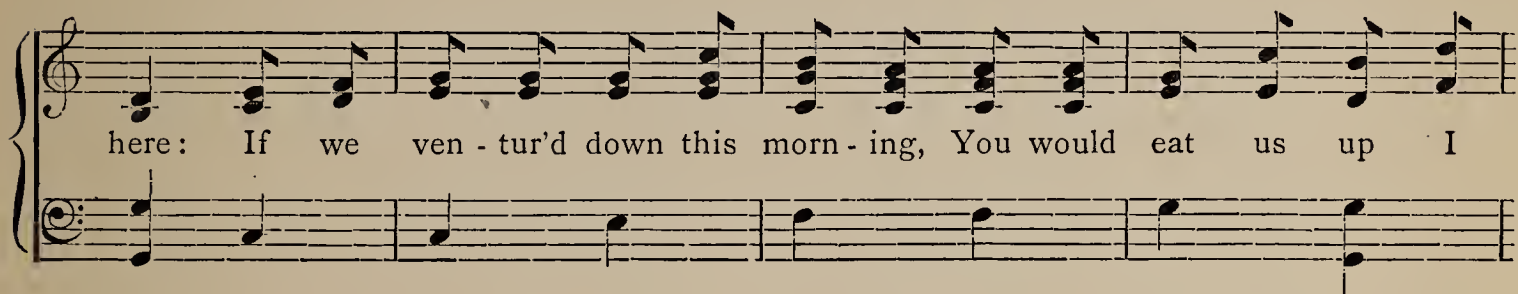
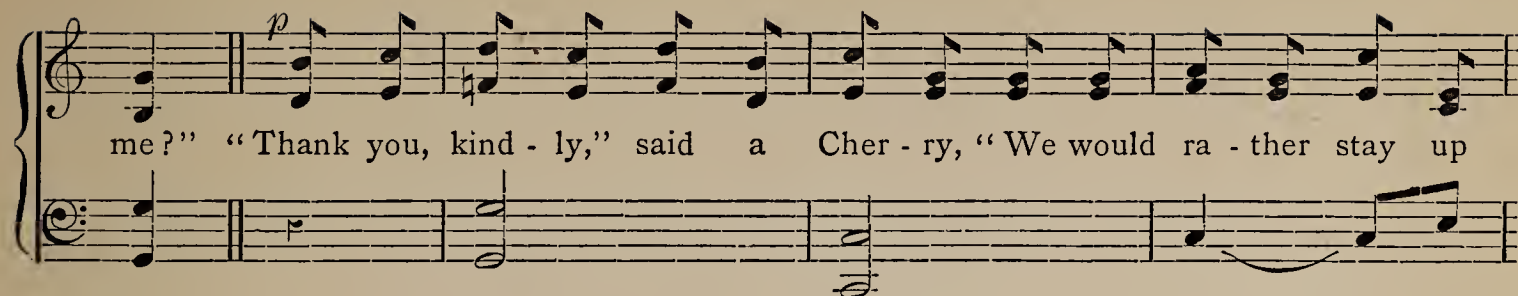


FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

Lively.

1. Fred - die saw some nice ripe cher - ries Hang - ing on a cher - ry

- tree, And he said, "You pret - ty Cher - ries, Will you not come down to



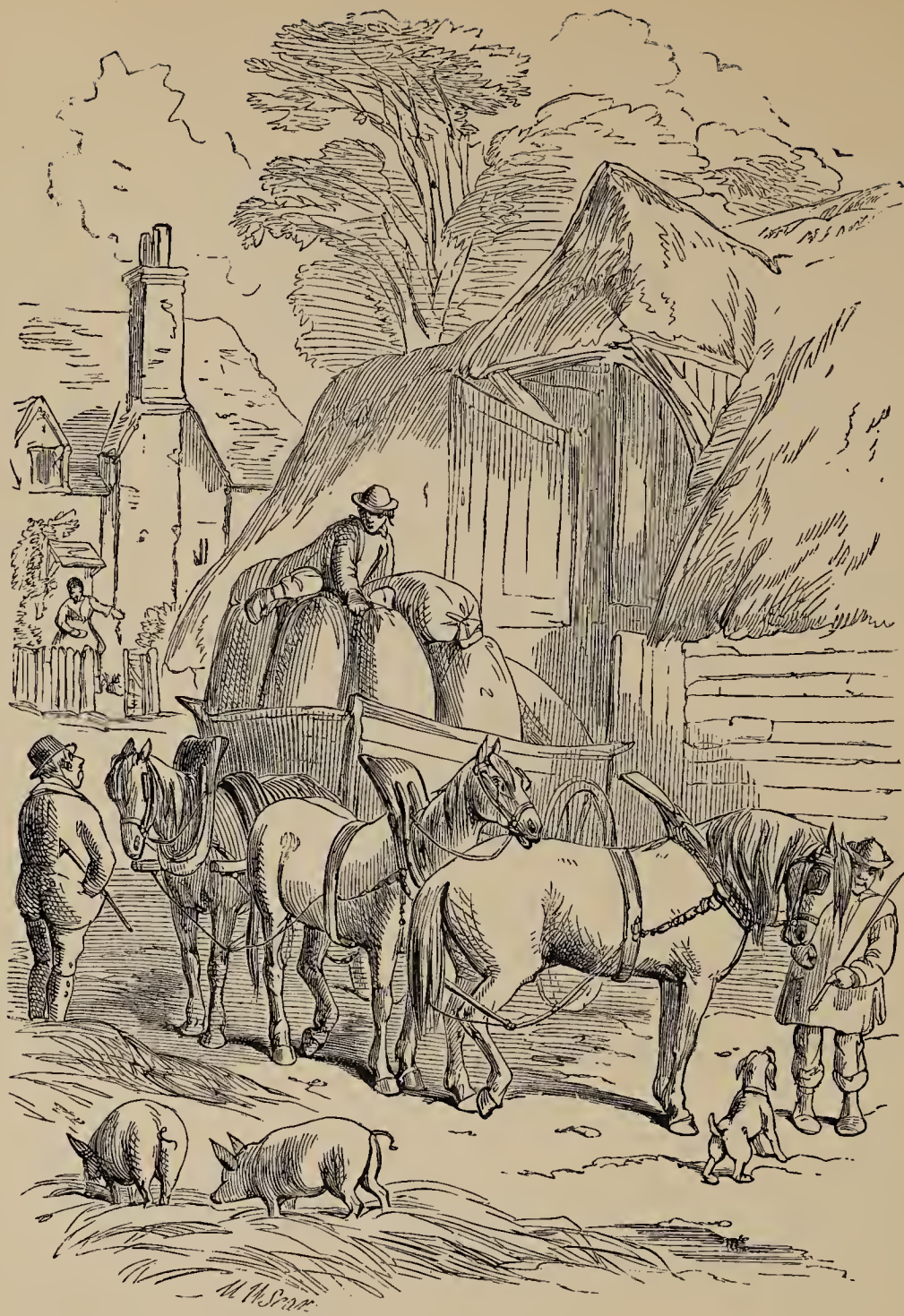
II.

One, the finest of the cherries,
 Dangled from a slender twig;
 "You are beautiful," said Freddie,
 "Red and ripe, and oh, how big!"
 "Catch me," said the Cherry, "catch me,
 Little master, if you can."
 "I would catch you soon," said Freddie,
 "If I were a grown-up man."

III.

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
 Standing high upon his toes;
 But the Cherry bobbed about,
 And laughed, and tickled Freddie's nose.
 "Never mind," said little Freddie,
 "I shall have them when it's right;"
 But a Blackbird whistled boldly,
 "I shall eat them all to-night."





THE WATER-MILL.

Allegretto.



Flap, flap, flap, flap! While the wa - ter flows. Round a - bout and round a - bout, The

hea - vy mill - stones grind, And the dust flies all a - bout the Mill, And

makes the Mil - ler blind.

II.

"Any grist for the Mill?"
 The jolly Farmer packs
 His waggon with a heavy load
 Of very heavy sacks.
 Noisily, oh, noisily,
 The mill-stones turn about;
 You cannot make the Miller hear
 Unless you scream and shout.

III.

"Any grist for the Mill?"
 The Bakers come and go;
 They bring their empty sacks to fill,
 And leave them down below.
 The dusty Miller and his men
 Fill all the sacks they bring,
 And while they go about their work
 Right merrily they sing.

Allegretto.

4. "An - y grist for the Mill?" How quick-ly it goes round!

Splash, splash, splash, splash! With a whirr-ing sound. Far-mers, bring your corn to - day, And

Ba - kers, buy your flour; And Dus - ty Mil - lers, work a - way, While

it is in your power.

V.

"Any grist for the Mill?"
 Alas! it will not go;
 The river, too, is standing still,
 The ground is white with snow.
 And when the frosty weather comes,
 And freezes up the streams,
 The Miller only hears the mill,
 And grinds the corn in dreams.

VI.

Living close beside the Mill,
 The Miller's girls and boys
 Always play at make believe,
 Because they have no toys.
 "Any grist for our Mill?"
 The elder brothers shout,
 While all the little petticoats
 Go whirling round about.

VII.

The Miller's little boys and girls
 Rejoice to see the snow.
 "Good father, play with us to-day;
 You cannot work, you know.
 We will be the mill-stones,
 And you shall be the wheel;
 We'll pelt each other with the snow,
 And it shall be the meal."

VIII.

Oh, heartily the Miller's wife
 Is laughing at the door;
 She never saw the mill worked
 So merrily before.
 "Bravely done, my little lads,
 Rouse up the lazy wheel,
 For money comes but slowly in
 When snow-flakes are the meal."





THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

Andantino affettuoso.

p

1. Ve - ry high in the pine - tree, The lit - tle Tur - tle
2. "Coo, Coo," said the Tur - tle - Dove, "Coo," said .

3. The young Tur - tle - Doves Nev - er quar - rel'd in the
4. In this nur - s'ry of yours, Lit - tle sis - ter, bro - ther

Dove Made a pret - ty lit - tle nur - se - ry, To please her lit - tle
she. "Oh, I love thee," said the Tur - tle-Dove, "And I love

nest; For they dear - ly lov'd each o - ther, Tho' they lov'd their mo - ther
dear; Like the gen - tle lit - tle Tur - tle-Doves, No quar - rels should come

love. She was gen - tle, she was soft, And her large dark
THEE." In the long .. sha - dy boughs Of the dark pine -

best. "Coo, Coo," .. said the Doves, "Coo, Coo," said
near. Be you ev - er kind and gentle, Like the Doves in the

eye Oft - en turned to her mate, Who was sit - ting close
- tree, Oh how hap - py were the Doves, In their lit - tle nur - se -

she. And they play'd to - ge - ther kind - ly In their dark .. pine -
tree; Then the hap - pi - est of nests Is your lit - tle nur - se -

by.
- ry!

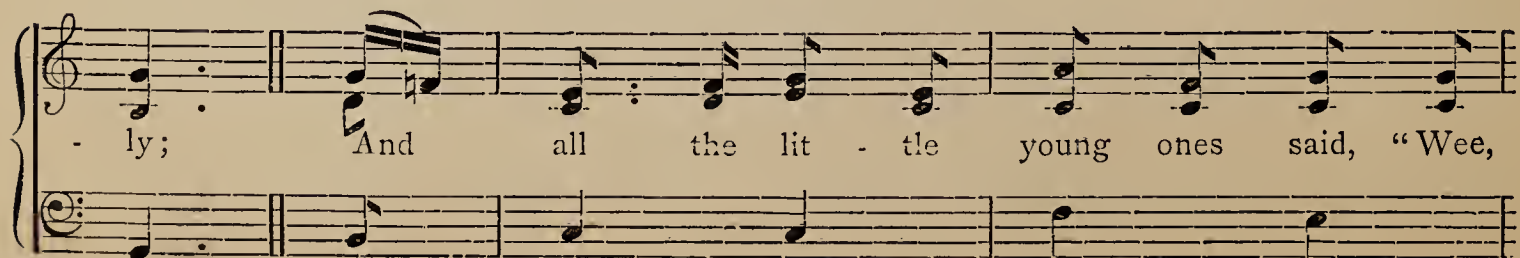
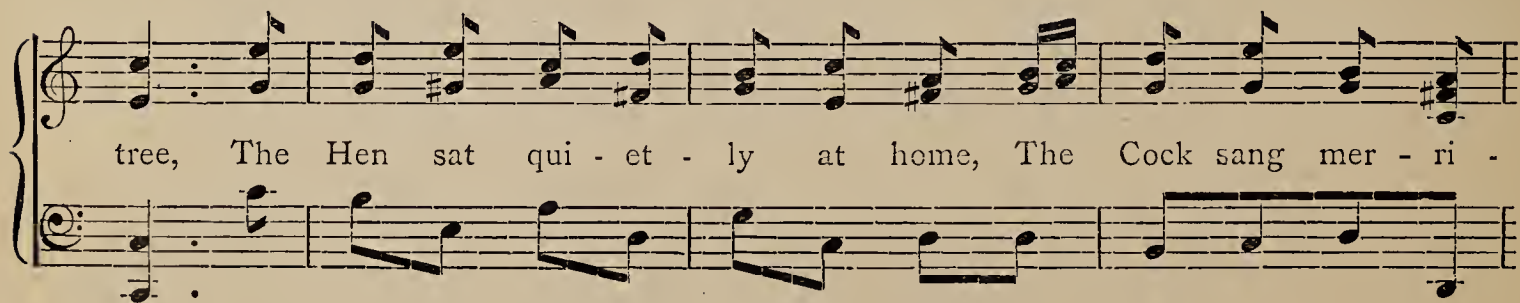
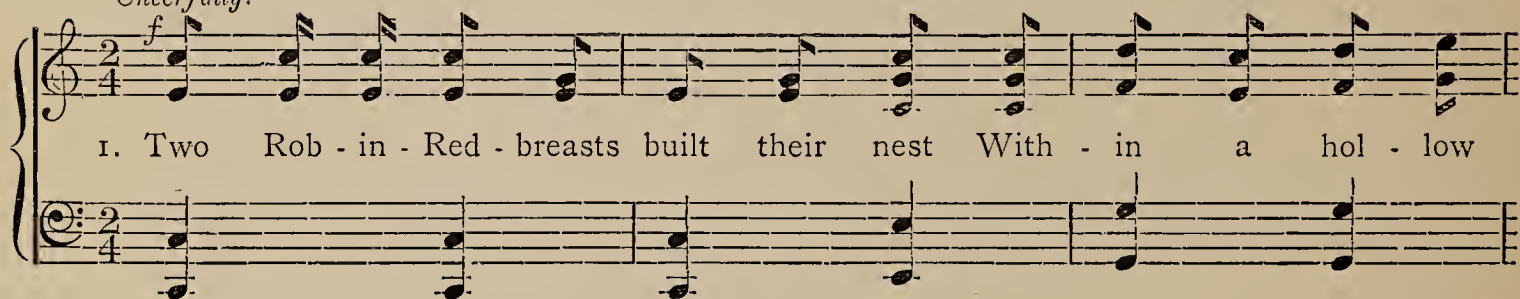
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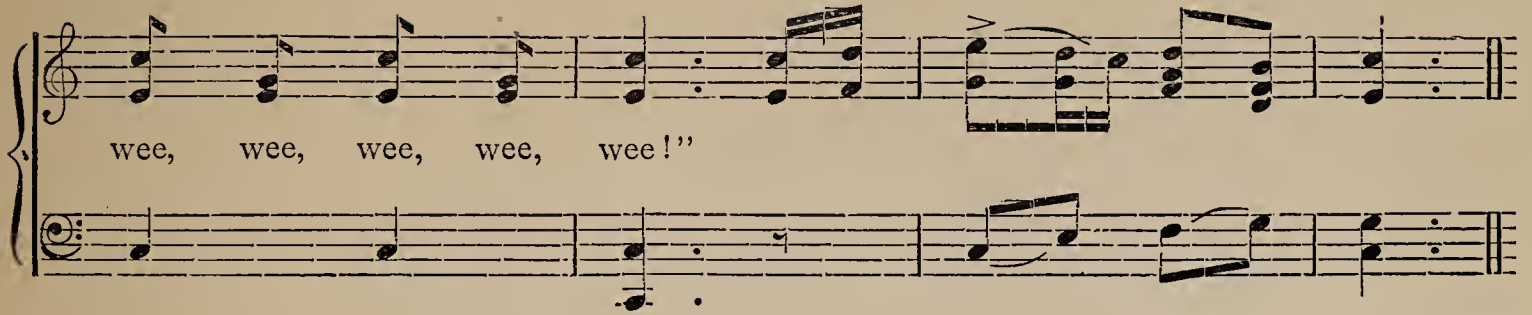




THE ROBIN RED-BREASTS.

Cheerfully.





II.

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky)
Cock-Robin said, "My little dears,
'T is time you learn to fly."
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

III.

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by-and-bye,
When Mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say, "I'll try."



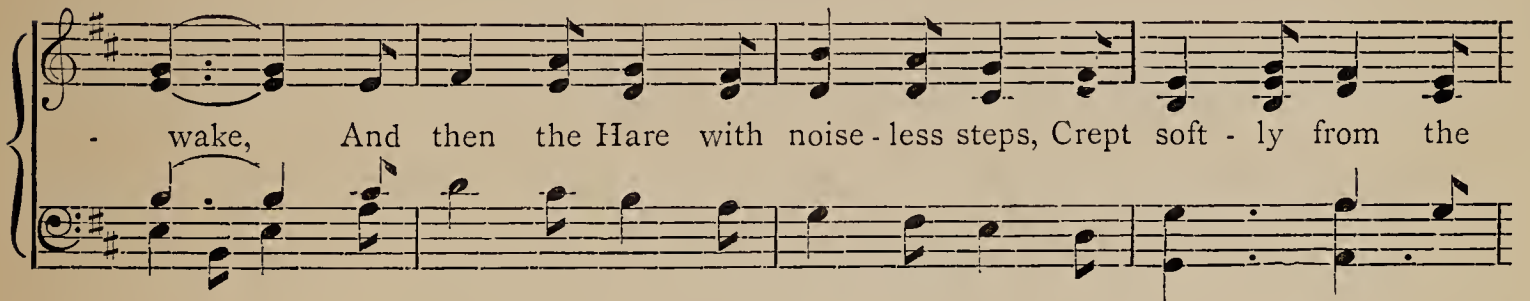


THE LITTLE HARE.

Moderato.

1. Be - yond the pal - ings of the park A Hare had made her

form, Be - neath a droop - ing fern, that made A shel - ter snug and



II.

She stroked her whiskers with her paws,
 Looked timidly around
 With open eyes, and ears erect
 That caught the smallest sound.
 The Field-Mouse rustled in the grass,
 The Squirrel in the trees,
 But Puss was not at all afraid
 Of common sounds like these.

III.

She frisked and gambolled with delight,
 And cropped a leaf or two
 Of clover and of tender grass,
 That glistened in the dew.
 What was it, then, that made her start,
 And run away so fast?
 She heard the distant sound of hounds,
 She heard the huntsman's blast.

IV.

Tally-ho !—hoy ! tally-ho !
The hounds are in full cry ;
Ehew ! ehew !—in scarlet coats
The men are sweeping by.
So off she set with a spring and a bound,
Over the meadows and open ground,
Faster than hunter and faster than hound ;
And on—and on—till she lost the sound,
And away went the little Hare.



THE CUCKOO_x

Allegretto. mf

1. And so you have come back a - gain? And it was you I

heard Pro - claim - ing it to all the world—You most con - ceit - ed

bird! You talk'd of no - thing but your - self When you were here be - fore, Un -

- til your voice be - came so hoarse That you could talk no more.

II.

And now you fly from bush to bush,
And say, "Cuckoo, cuckoo."
Have you no friends to care about?
No useful work to do?
I hear you're such a lazy bird,
You cannot build a nest;
Perhaps you could, if you would try,—
We ought to do our best.

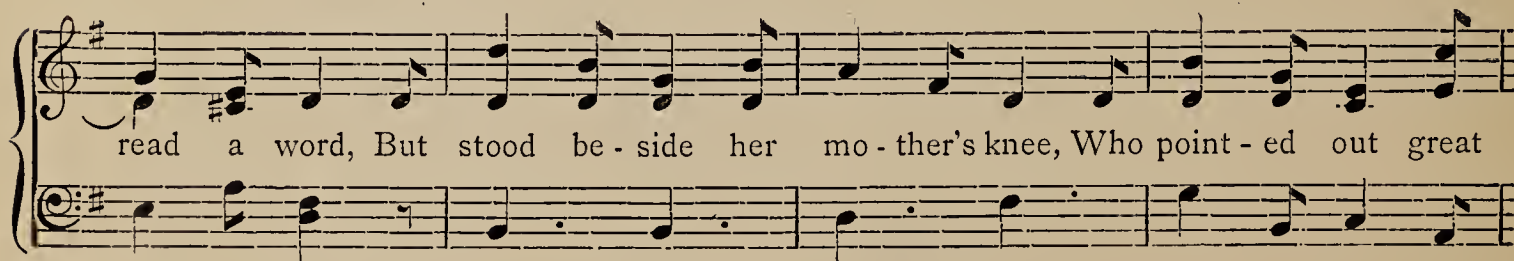
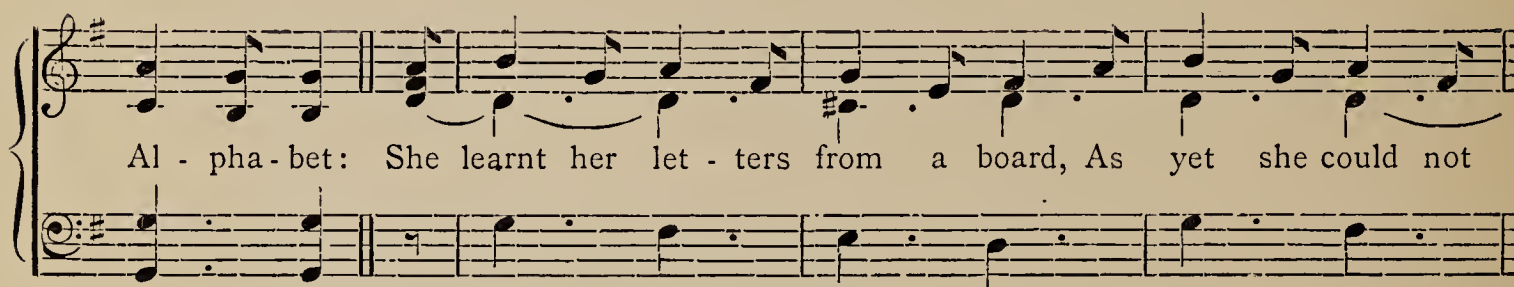
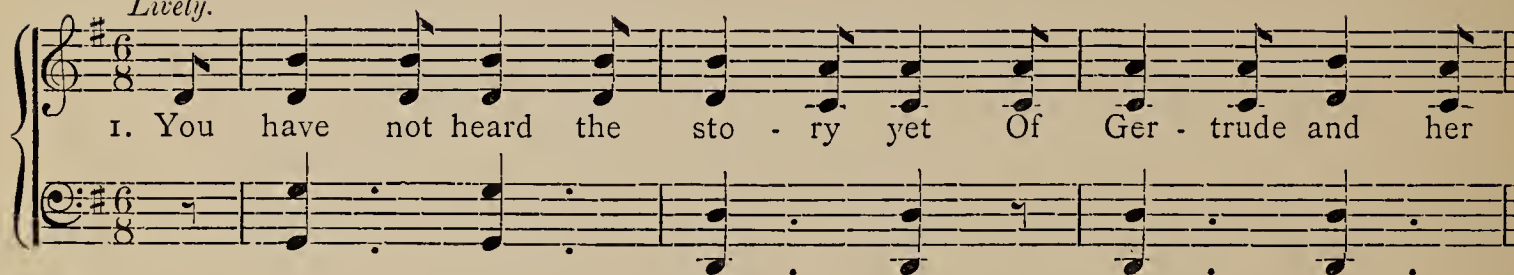
III.

The little bird that told me this
Suspected something worse,—
That you neglect your little ones,
And put them out to nurse.
Oh, Cuckoo! if this story's true,
I think you're much to blame.
Then talk no more about yourself;
Go, hide yourself, for shame!



GERTRUDE AND HER ALPHABET.

Lively.



II.

Said little Gerty—"I can't see;
Mamma, the board must dirty be!"
"No, not at all," her mother said;
"The letters are jet black and red,
On snow-white paper;—nay, be wise,
You cannot see with tearful eyes."

III.

But still the tear-drops, large and round,
Go trickling slowly to the ground,
And all the letters, great and small,
Seem to move with them as they fall;
The crystal drops on her eyelashes
Quiver with black and scarlet dashes.

IV.

"Strange," thought the child, "I always thought
That was round O, when I was taught,
Yet now it turns into a loop,
And now—into my own new hoop!
That hoop-stick once was little l;
I'm sure it was, I knew it well."

V.

The child is looking at a tear,
Which, like a mirror bright and clear,
Reflects the letters as they pass,
As on the Fairy's magic glass;
And all the little dingy letters
Bow to the red ones, as their betters.

VI.

Q started, and turned up its tail;
H turned into a hurdle-rail;
And i, with its droll little head,
Lay down on B, which stands for bed;
While p, which always puzzled you,
Turned round, and mimicked little q.

VII.

a, with its puffed-out paunch, looked odd,
And turned into a Chinese god;
u was a washing-tub; but then,
Turned upside down, they called it n.
And both the great and little K's
Kicked out their feet and laughed at J's.

VIII.

The W's turned over soon,
And then they looked like M for moon:
And both the crooked S's, they
Ran up a step-ladder, great A;
While X, and Z, and D, and T
Looked like themselves, and so did V.

IX.

Small h looked like the high-backed chairs;
Y, like a wine-glass; Gerty stares
To see d imitating b,
Its cousin-german;—as for g,
A pair of spectacles it grows,
And mounts on little Gerty's nose!

X.

"Well, can you see them now, my child?"
Her mother asked in accents mild.
The tear-drops fall from Gertrude's eyes,
The magic mirror vanishes,
And little Gertrude laughs, "Ha, ha!
I know my letters now, Mamma."



A COBWEB MADE TO ORDER.

Allegretto.

p

1. A hun - gry Spi - der made a web Of threads so ve - ry

The first system of the piece is in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto* and *p*. It features a piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

fine,.. Your ti - ny fin - gers scarce could feel The lit - tle slen - der

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests, and the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.

line... All round - a - bout and round - a - bout, and round - a - bout it

The third system begins with a repeat sign. The melody in the treble staff is more active, with many eighth notes. The bass staff continues with a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.

spun; Then straight a - cross and back a - gain, Un - til the web was

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests, and the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.

done.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The melody in the treble staff ends with a final note, and the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the treble staff.

II.

Oh, what a pretty shining web
It was, when it was done !
The little Flies all came to see
It hanging in the sun.

Round-about, and round-about,
And round-about they danced,
Across the web and back again
They darted and they glanced.

III.

The hungry Spider sat and watched
The happy little Flies ;
It saw all round about its head,
It had so many eyes.

Round-about, and round-about,
And round about they go,
Across the web and back again,
Now high—now low.

IV.

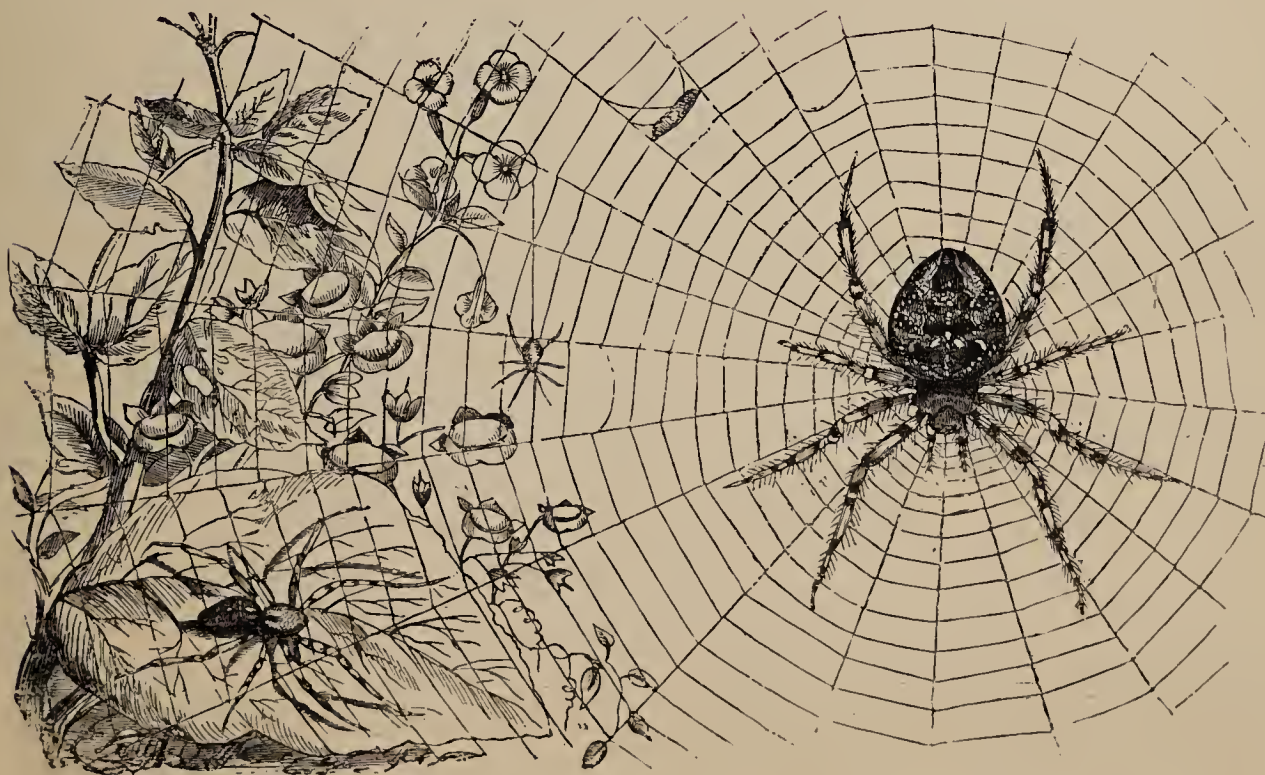
"I'm hungry, very hungry," said
The Spider to a Fly.
"If you were caught within the web,
You very soon should die."

But round-about, and round about,
And round-about once more,
Across the web and back again
They flitted as before.

V.

For all the Flies were much too wise
To venture near the Spider ;
They flapped their little wings, and flew
In circles rather wider.

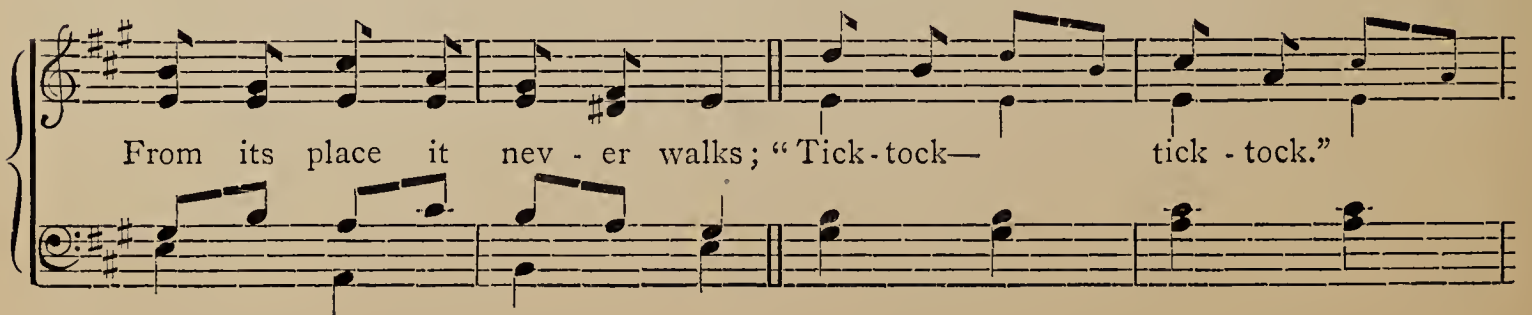
Round-about, and round-about,
And round-about went they,
Across the web and back again,
And then they flew away.





THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

Andante.





II.

"I'm a very patient Clock,
 Never moved by hope or fear,
 Though I've stood for many a year;
 Tick-tock—tick-tock."
 That is what it says.

III.

"I'm a very truthful Clock:
 People say, about the place,
 Truth is written on my face;
 Tick-tock—tick-tock."
 That is what it says.

IV.

"I'm a very active Clock,
 For I go while you're asleep,
 Though you never take a peep;
 Tick-tock—tick-tock."
 That is what it says.

V.

"I'm a most obliging Clock:
 If you wish to hear me strike,
 You may do it when you like;
 Tick-tock—tick-tock."
 That is what it says.

VI.

What a talkative old Clock
 Let us see what it will do
 When the pointer reaches two;
 "Ding—ding"—"tick-tock."
 That is what it says.



THE MUFFIN-MAN'S BELL.

Cheerfully.

1. "Tin - kle, tin - kle, tin - kle!" 'tis the Muf - fin - Man you

The first system of the song is written in 2/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "1. 'Tin - kle, tin - kle, tin - kle!' 'tis the Muf - fin - Man you".

see; "Tin - kle, tin - kle," says the Muf - fin - Man's Bell; "A - ny

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "see; 'Tin - kle, tin - kle,' says the Muf - fin - Man's Bell; 'A - ny".

crum - pets, a - ny muf - fins, a - ny cakes for your tea? There are

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "crum - pets, a - ny muf - fins, a - ny cakes for your tea? There are".

plen - ty here to sell."

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "plen - ty here to sell.".

II.

"Tinkle," says the little Bell ; it rings so clear and bright ;
"Tinkle, tinkle," says the Muffin-Man's Bell ;
We have had a nice bread pudding for our supper to-night,
And some nice plum cake as well.

III.

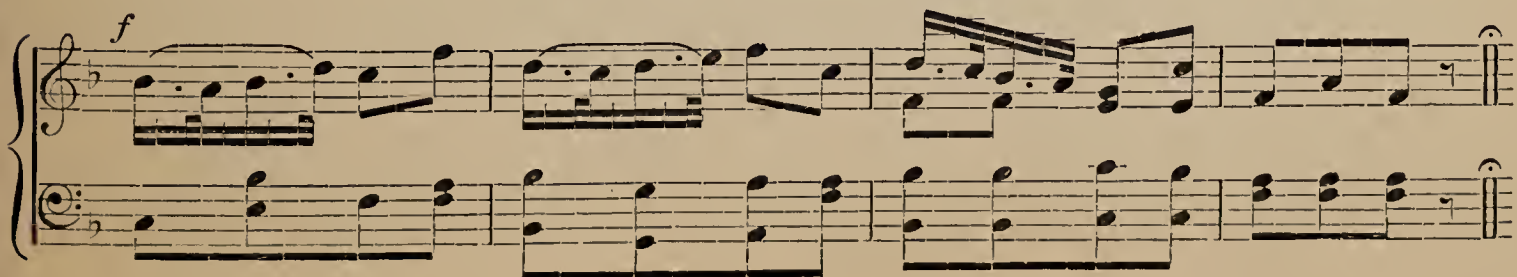
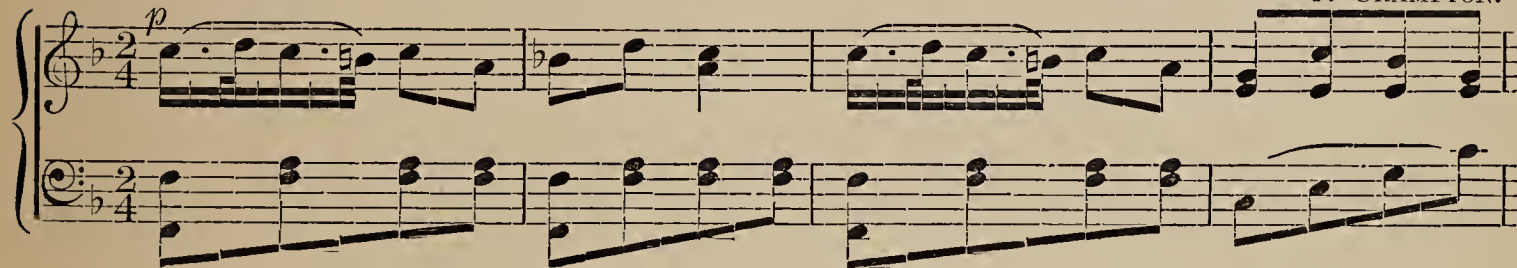
"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," says the little Bell again,
Tinkle, tinkle ! "buy my muffins, I pray !"
"If you do not buy my muffins and my cakes, it is plain
I must take them home to-day."



THE MUFFIN-MAN'S POLKA.

Polka Time.

T. CRAMPTON.



THE CHORUS OF FROGS.

Allegretto. >

1. "Yaup, Yaup, Yaup!" Said the croak - ing voice of a Frog: "A

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. 'Yaup, Yaup, Yaup!' Said the croak - ing voice of a Frog: 'A"

rain - y day In the month of May, And plen - ty of room in the

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "rain - y day In the month of May, And plen - ty of room in the"

bog." "Yaup, yaup, yaup!" Said the Frog as it hopp'd a -

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "bog." "Yaup, yaup, yaup!" Said the Frog as it hopp'd a -

- way: "The in - sects feed on the float - ing weed, And I'm

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "- way: 'The in - sects feed on the float - ing weed, And I'm"

hun - gry for din - ner to - day."

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "hun - gry for din - ner to - day."

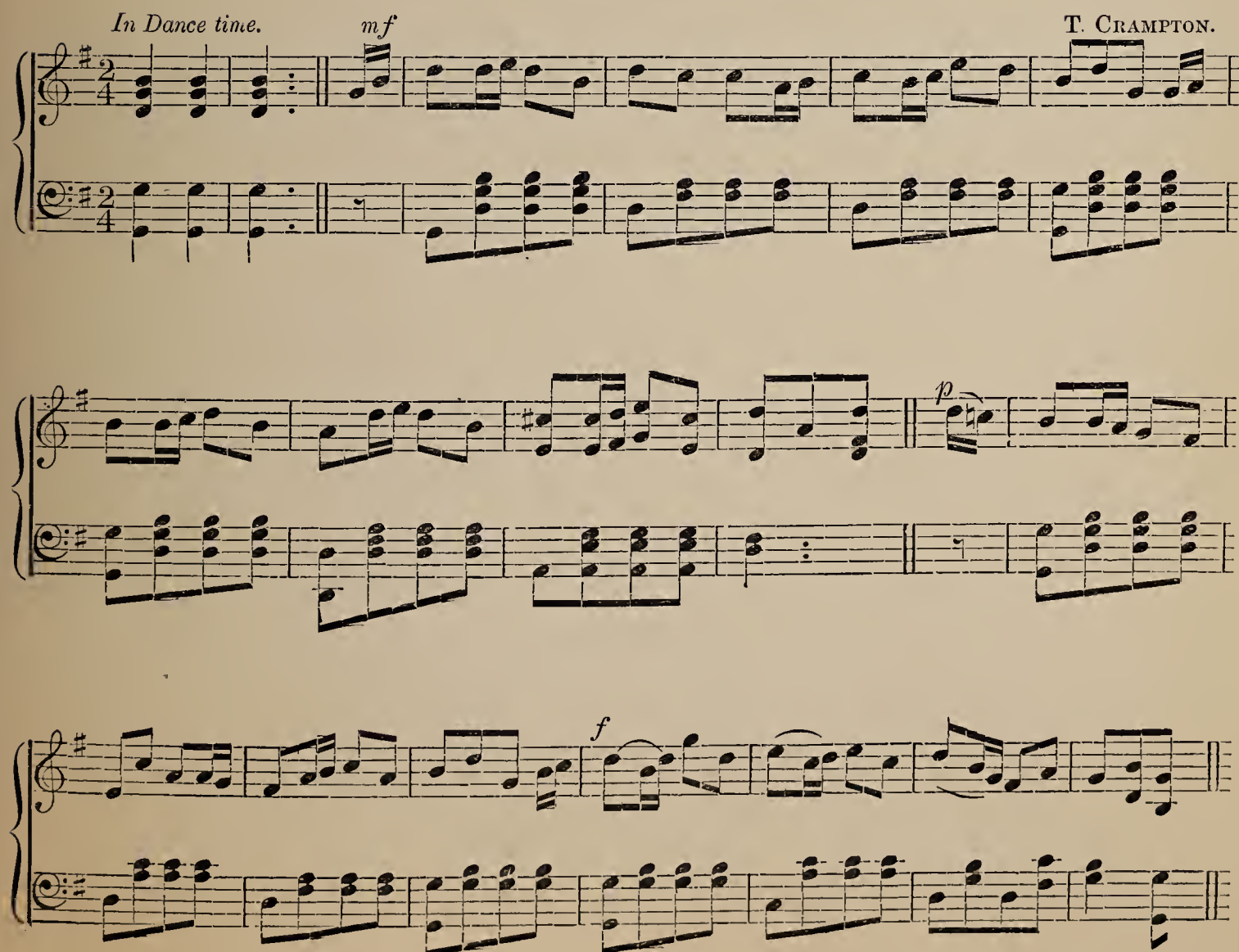
II.

“Yaup, yaup, yaup!”
Said the Frog as it splashed about :
“Good neighbours all,
When you hear me call,
It is odd that you do not come out.”
“Yaup, yaup, yaup!”
Said the Frogs; “it is charming weather ;
We’ll come and sup
When the moon is up,
And we’ll all of us croak together.”



THE FROGGIES' DANCE.

In Dance time. *mf* T. CRAMPTON.



The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a piano introduction of two measures, followed by a melody in the treble and a bass accompaniment of chords. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, featuring a dynamic change to *p* (piano) in the final measure of the treble staff. The third system concludes the piece with a final melody in the treble and a bass accompaniment, marked with a dynamic change to *f* (forte) in the first measure.



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

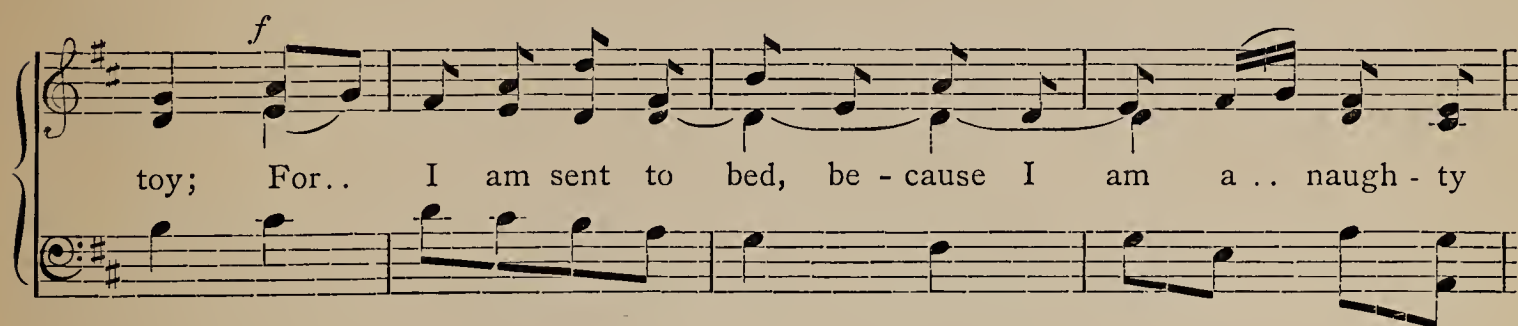
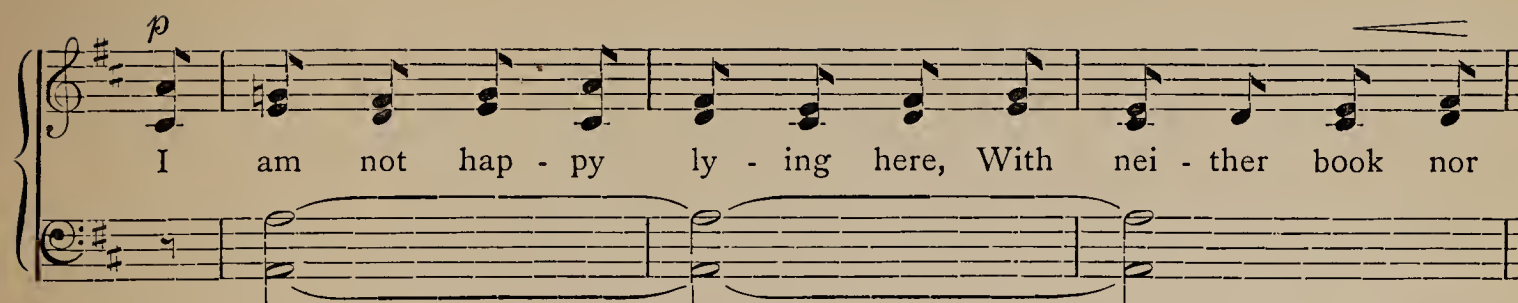
Andante.

p

1. You lit - tle twink - ling stars that shine A - bove my head so

cres. *f*

high, If I had but a pair of wings, I'd join them in the sky.



II.

If you will listen, little stars,
 I'll tell you all I did:
 I only said I would not do
 The thing that I was bid!
 I'm six years old this very day,
 And I can write and read,
 And not to have my own way yet
 Is very hard indeed.



III.

I do not know how old you are,
Or whether you can speak ;
But you may twinkle all night long,
And play at hide-and-seek.
If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies and through the clouds,
And round about the Pole !



IV.

The moon, that once was round and full,
Is now a silver boat ;
We'd launch it off that bright-edged cloud,
And then—how we should float !
Does anybody say, " Be still,"
When you would dance or play ?
Does anybody hinder you
When you would have your way ?

v.

Oh! tell me, little stars, for much
 I wonder why you go
 The whole night long from east to west,
 So patiently and slow?
 "We have a Father, little child,
 Who guides us on our way;
 We never question—when He speaks
 We listen and obey."



THE MOONLIGHT WALTZ.

In Waltz time.

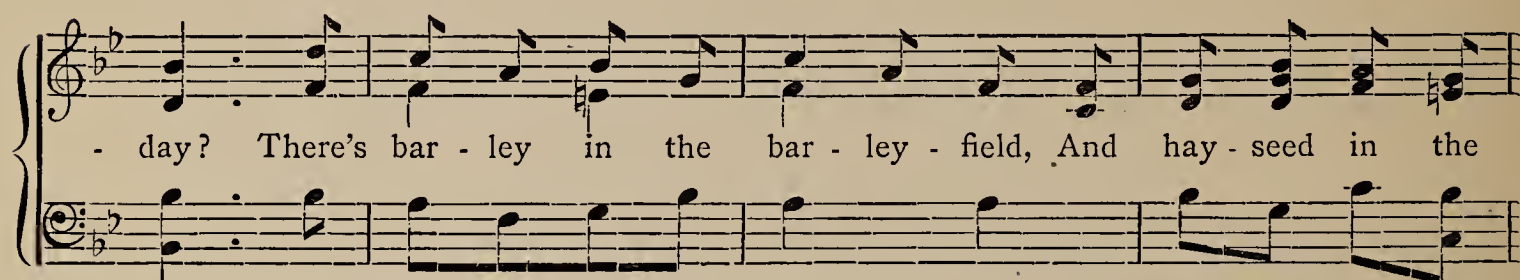
T. CRAMPTON.

THE CLOCKING HEN.



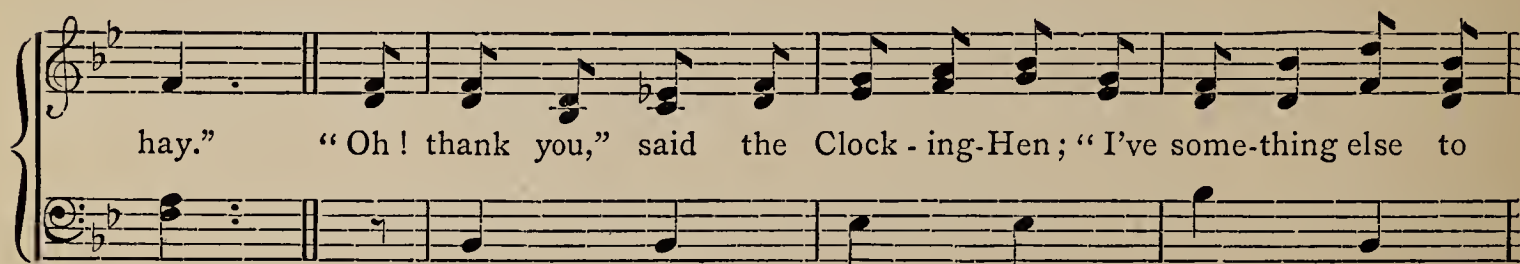
1. "Will you take a walk with me, My lit - tle wife, to -

The first system of the musical score for 'The Clocking Hen'. It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. "Will you take a walk with me, My lit - tle wife, to -' are written below the treble staff.



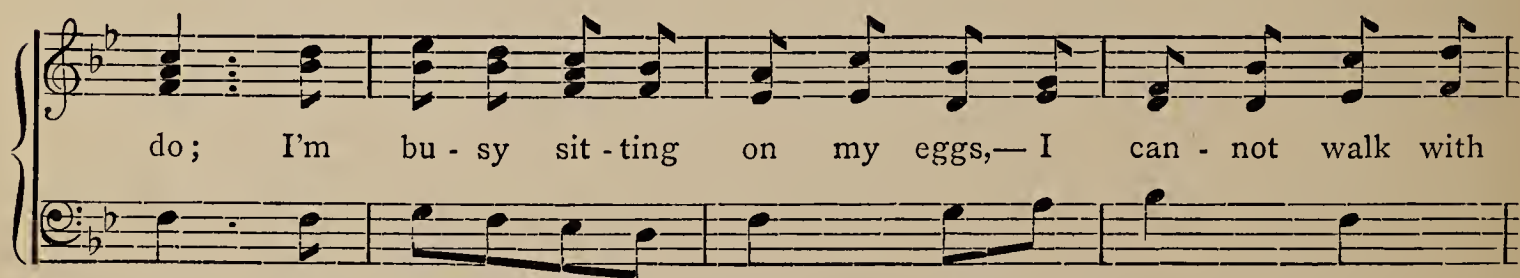
- day? There's bar - ley in the bar - ley - field, And hay - seed in the

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics '- day? There's bar - ley in the bar - ley - field, And hay - seed in the' are written below the treble staff.



hay." "Oh! thank you," said the Clock - ing-Hen; "I've some-thing else to

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'hay." "Oh! thank you," said the Clock - ing-Hen; "I've some-thing else to' are written below the treble staff.



do; I'm bu - sy sit - ting on my eggs,— I can - not walk with

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'do; I'm bu - sy sit - ting on my eggs,— I can - not walk with' are written below the treble staff.



you."

The fifth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'you."' are written below the treble staff.

II.

“Clock, clock, clock, clock!”
Said the Clocking-Hen:
“My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I’ll think about it then.”
The Clocking-Hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

III.

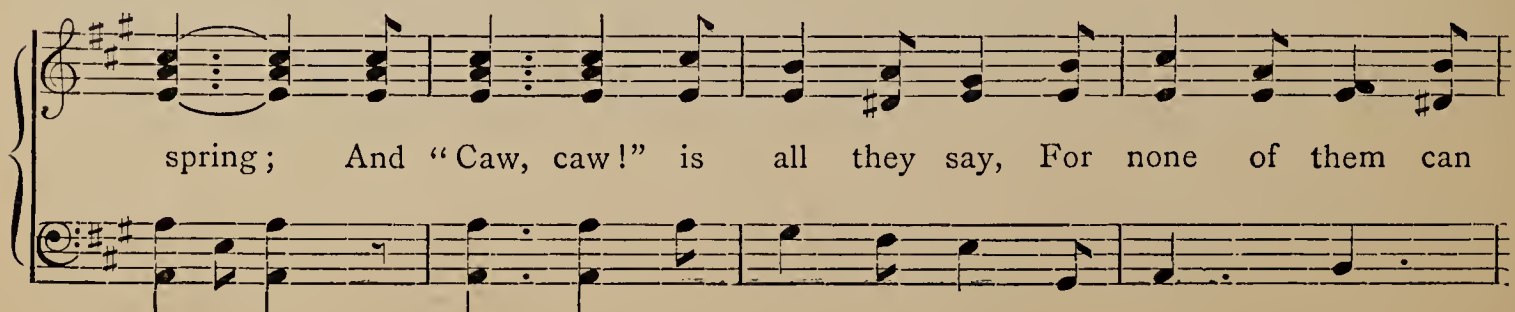
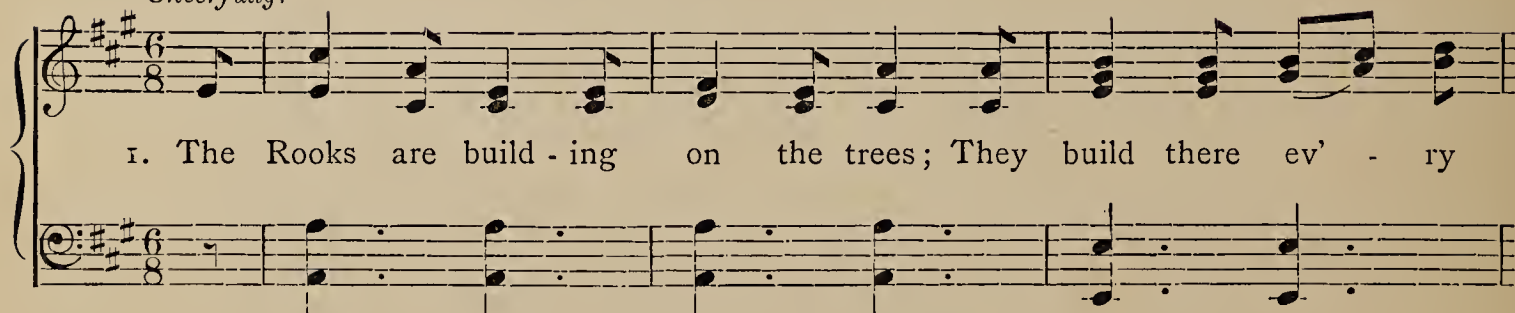
Crack, crack! went all the eggs;
Out dropt the chickens small!
“Clock!” said the Clocking-Hen,
“Now I have you all.
Come along, my little chicks,
I’ll take a walk with YOU.”
“Hollo!” said the Barn-door Cock,
“Cock-a-doodle-do!”

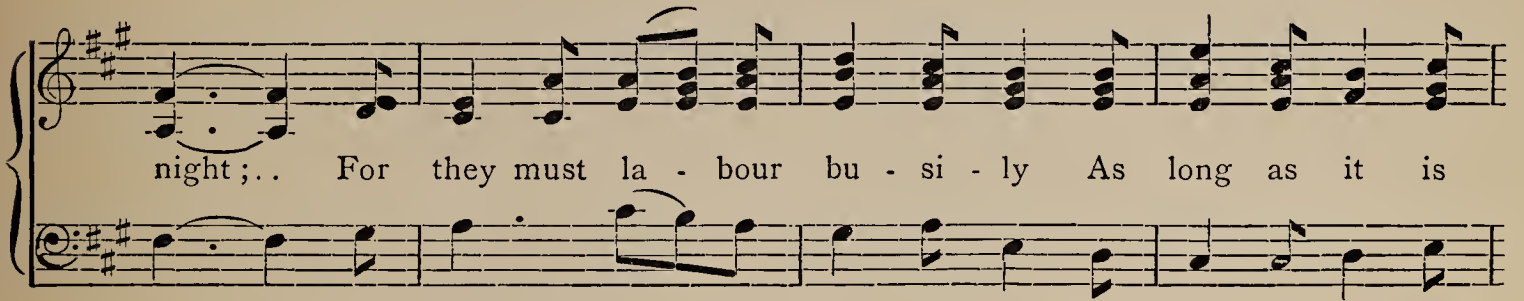
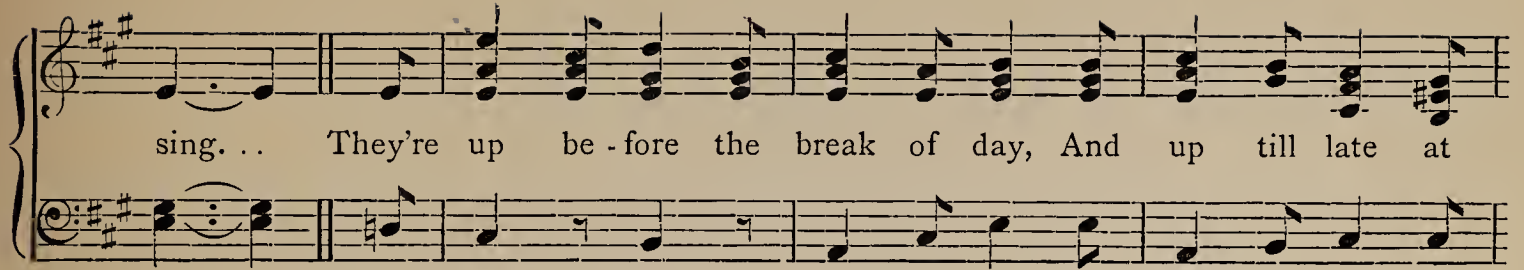




THE ROOKS.

Cheerfully.





II.

And many a crooked stick they bring,
 And many a slender twig,
 And many a tuft of moss, until
 Their nests are round and big.
 "Caw, caw!" Oh, what a noise
 They make in rainy weather!
 Good children always speak by turns,
 But Rooks all talk together.

III.

How many nests are on the trees,
 And up at what a height!
 There are a thousand Rooks, and yet
 I never saw them fight;
 For they are friendly birds, and each
 Is to his neighbours known:
 They never touch each other's things,
 But let them all alone.

IV.

I wonder if we ever heard
 Of little girls and boys
 Who quarrelled more than Rooks, and made
 A more unpleasant noise?
 I wonder if we ever heard
 Of children who would touch
 The things they ought to let alone—
 I wonder very much?

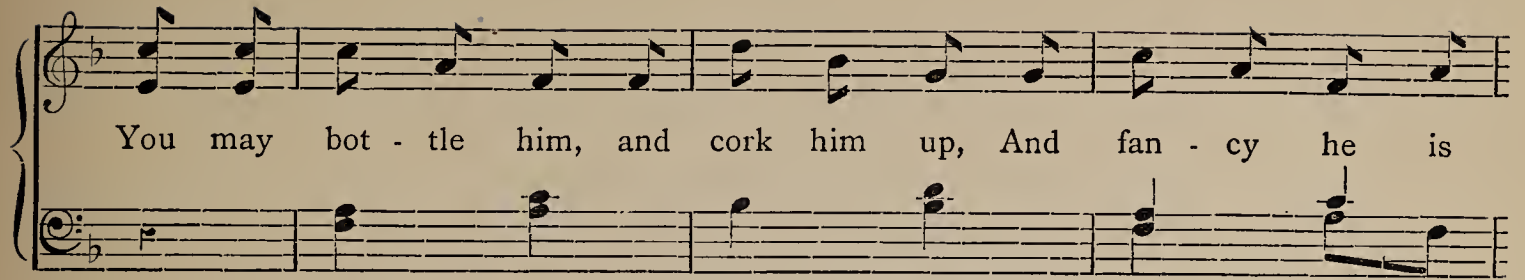


THE SPIRIT OF THE WINE.

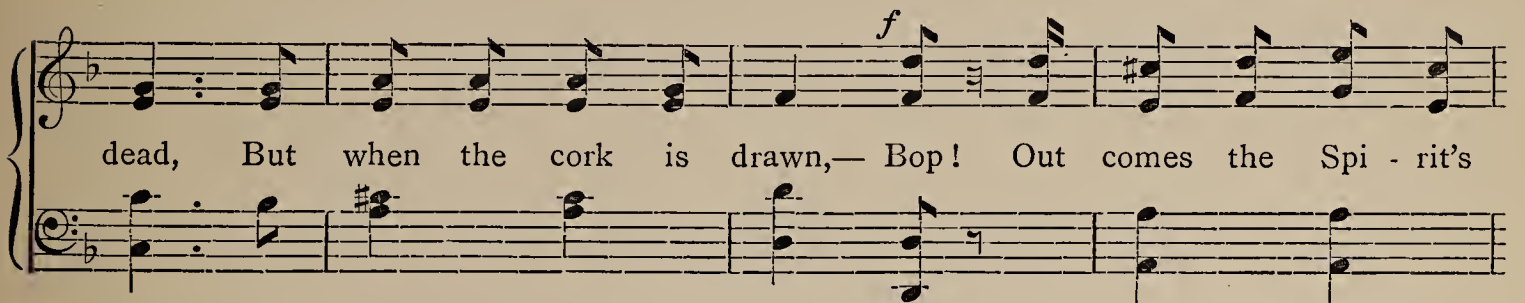
Lively. mf

1. There is a lit - tle Spi - rit lives In ev' - ry flask of wine, Who,

while they pour'd the li - quor in, Made mu - sic all the time.



You may bot - tle him, and cork him up, And fan - cy he is



dead, But when the cork is drawn,— Bop! Out comes the Spi - rit's

CHORUS.



head. Oh, a mer - ry lit - tle fel - low is the Spi - rit of the



Wine; A mer - ry lit - tle fel - low is the Spi - rit of the



Wine.

II.

The butler took the bottles down
 (The cellar stairs were steep),
 He laid them all down side by side,
 In long straight rows to sleep.
 The cobwebs dangled from the roof,
 The walls were damp and cold,
 And there the little Spirit slept,
 Until the wine grew old.
 Oh, drowsy little fellows are the Spirits of the Wine.

III.

If you were in the dining-room
 About the dinner-time,
 You'd hear the little Spirit sob
 While they decant the wine.
 "Blob, blob, blob, blob,
 Blob!"—it doth complain,
 For it does not like the thoughts of being
 Bottled up again.
 Oh, a sorry little fellow is the Spirit of the Wine.

IV.

But when the wine was poured out,
 And sparkled in the cup,
 The old man looked at it awhile
 Before he drank it up.
 Oh, how the Spirit stirred it up,
 And made the bubbles shine,
 And splashed about within the cup
 Amidst the rosy wine!
 What a happy little Fellow was the Spirit of the Wine!

V.

It got into the old man's mouth,
 It crept into his head;
 It pinched his cheeks, it pinched his eyes,
 He felt them growing red;
 It sat upon the old man's nose,
 It peeped out from his eyes,
 Until he knew not this from that,
 The fish-pond from the skies.
 Oh, a cunning little fellow is the Spirit of the Wine.

VI.

He once had been an able man,
And stout of heart and limb;
But now his strength is failing fast,
His sight is growing dim.
He cannot sleep at all at night,
He cannot read by day;
For the Spirit crept into his mouth,
And stole his wits away.
Oh, a wicked little fellow is the Spirit of the Wine.

VII.

He trembles when he lies awake
At night upon his bed :
It is the Spirit makes him ill,
And soon he will be dead.
Oh, bid him put the wine away,
And pray to be forgiven,
Or he will go from bad to worse,
And never get to heaven ;
And all because the old man loved the Spirit of the Wine.



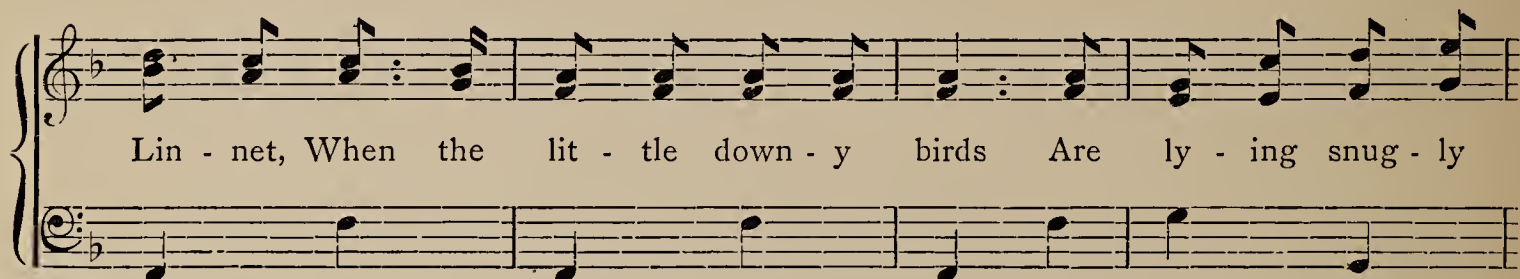
THE YOUNG LINNETS.

Moderato



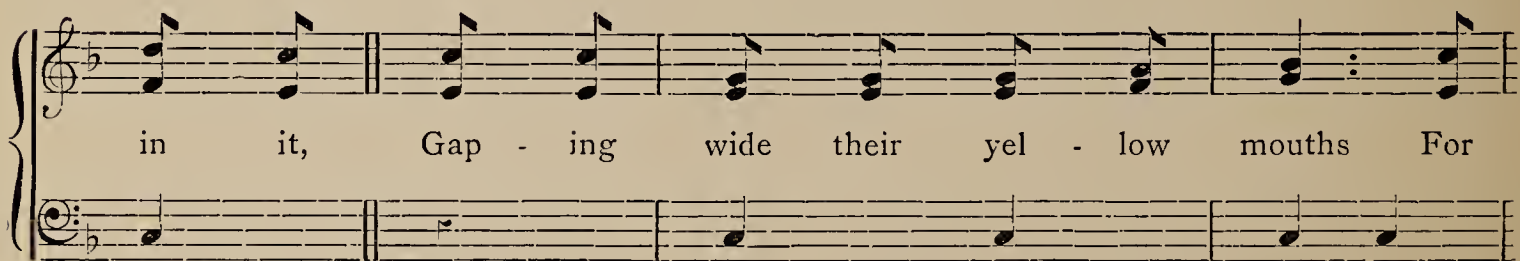
1. Did you ev - er see the nest Of Chaf - finch or of

The first system of musical notation for 'The Young Linnets'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are '1. Did you ev - er see the nest Of Chaf - finch or of'.



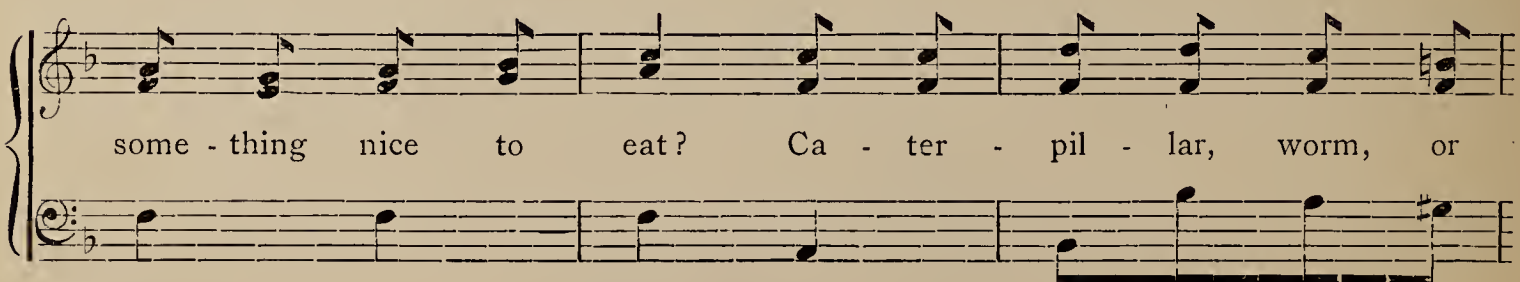
Lin - net, When the lit - tle down - y birds Are ly - ing snug - ly

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Lin - net, When the lit - tle down - y birds Are ly - ing snug - ly'.



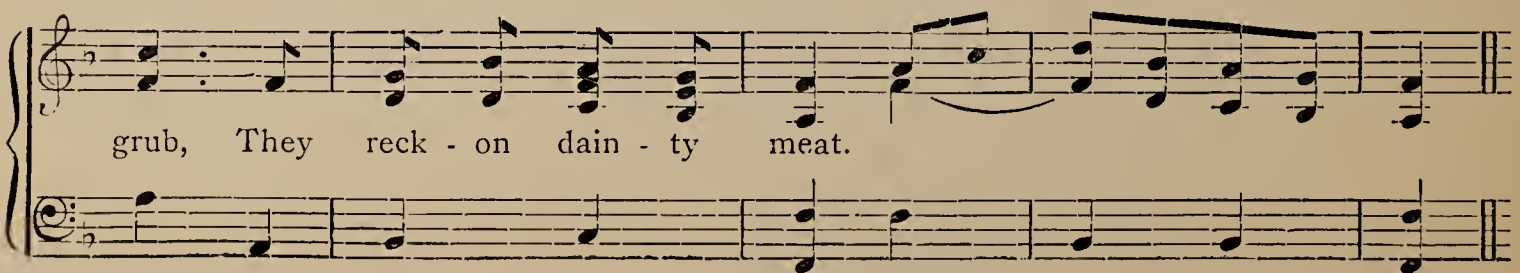
in it, Gap - ing wide their yel - low mouths For

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'in it, Gap - ing wide their yel - low mouths For'.



some - thing nice to eat? Ca - ter - pil - lar, worm, or

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'some - thing nice to eat? Ca - ter - pil - lar, worm, or'.



grub, They reck - on dain - ty meat.

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'grub, They reck - on dain - ty meat.'

II.

When the mother bird returns,
And finds them still and good,
She will give them each by turns
A proper share of food.
She has hopped from spray to spray
And peeped with knowing eye
Into all the folded leaves
Where caterpillars lie.

III.

She has searched among the grass,
And flown from tree to tree,
Catching gnats and flies, to feed
Her little family.
I have seen the Linnets chirp,
And shake their downy wings :
They are pleased to see her come,
And pleased with what she brings.





LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

Moderato.

1. Oh! where did you come from, You lit - tle drops of rain,

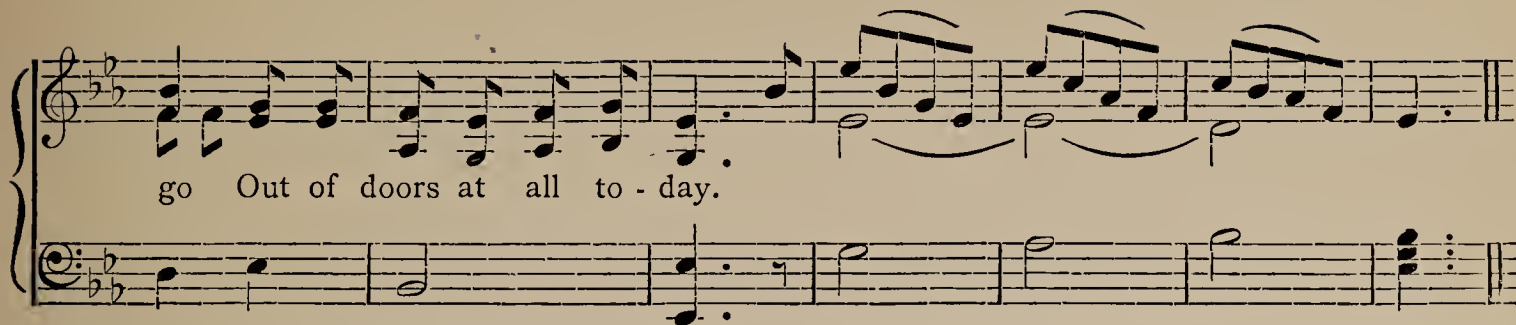
The first system of musical notation for the song 'Little Rain-Drops'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The music begins with a forte dynamic marking 'f'. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. Oh! where did you come from, You lit - tle drops of rain,' are written below the treble staff.

Pit - ter - pat - ter, pit - ter - pat - ter Down the win - dow pane? They

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Pit - ter - pat - ter, pit - ter - pat - ter Down the win - dow pane? They' are written below the treble staff.

won't let me walk, And they won't let me play, And they won't let me

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'won't let me walk, And they won't let me play, And they won't let me' are written below the treble staff.



II.

They put away my playthings
 Because I broke them all,
 And then they locked up all my bricks,
 And took away my ball.
 Oh ! say, little Rain-Drops,
 Is that how you play,
 Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
 All throughout the rainy day ?

III.

They say I 'm very naughty,
 But I 've nothing else to do
 But sit here at the window ;
 I should like to play with you
 The little Rain-Drops cannot speak,
 But " pitter-patter-pat "
 Means " That we play on *this* side,
 Why can't you play on *that* ? "



THE WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Moderato.

1. Roll on, roll on, you rest-less waves, That toss a - bout and

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

roar; Why do you run all back a - gain When you have reach'd the

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the treble staff. The lyrics continue with a four-measure rest indicated by four dots.

shore? Roll on, roll on, you noi - sy waves, Roll

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues with a slight change in phrasing. The lyrics end with the word 'Roll'.

high-er up the strand; How is it that you can - not pass That

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with a slight change in phrasing. The lyrics end with the word 'That'.

line of yel - low sand?

The fifth and final system of musical notation on this page. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics end with the word 'sand?'.

II.

Make haste, or else the tide will turn ;
Make haste, you noisy sea ;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.
“We must not dare,” the Waves reply :
“That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land ;

III.

“And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.
Thus freely on the sandy beach
We dash and roll away ;
While you, when study time is o’er,
May come with us and play.”



THE GLOW-WORMS.

Allegro.

1. The Glow - worm, with his hor - ny wings, Can fly a - bout at

The first system of musical notation for the song 'The Glow-Worms'. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. The Glow - worm, with his hor - ny wings, Can fly a - bout at' are written below the treble staff.

will; And now he set - tles on the heath, And now up - on the

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'will; And now he set - tles on the heath, And now up - on the' are written below the treble staff.

hill. The while, his grace - ful lit - tle wife And daugh - ters stay at

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'hill. The while, his grace - ful lit - tle wife And daugh - ters stay at' are written below the treble staff.

home; From shel - ter'd nooks and qui - et shades They could not wish to

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'home; From shel - ter'd nooks and qui - et shades They could not wish to' are written below the treble staff.

roam.

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'roam.' are written below the treble staff.

II.

The little lady Glow-worms seem
Most gentle little things,
And quite unlike their brothers bold,
For none of them have wings.
But each within her bosom bears
A tiny lamp, that glows
With light as tender as the love
The purest spirit knows.

III.

They would not fly away from home,
Nor leave it, if they could ;
For happy are the homes where all
Are loving, kind, and good.
But he, the little gentleman
With shining horny wings,
On duty or for pleasure bent,
Forsook the little things.

IV.

“ He must be weary now and worn,”
The little Glow-worm said ;
“ And soon he will return again,
To rest his weary head.
And we must kindle up and glow,
Like emeralds at night,
And try to beautify his home
With cheerfulness and light.”



THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

Maestoso.

1. The brown Owl sits in the i - vy bush, And she look - eth wond - rous

The first system of music is in common time (C) and features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wise, With a hor - ny beak be - neath her cowl, And a pair of large round

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

eyes. She sat all day on the self - same spray, From sun - rise to sun -

The third system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the beginning of the system.

- set; And the grim grey light it was all too bright For the

The fourth system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

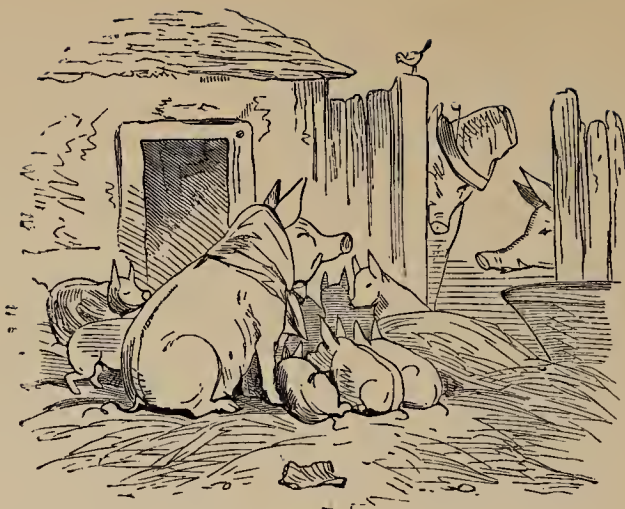
Owl to see in yet.

The fifth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

II.

“Oh! Jenny Owl,” said a little Bird,
“They say you’re wondrous wise;
But I don’t think you see, though you look at ME
With your large, round, shining eyes.”
But night came soon, and the pale white moon
Rolled high up in the skies;
And the great brown Owl flew away in her cowl,
With her large, round, shining eyes.





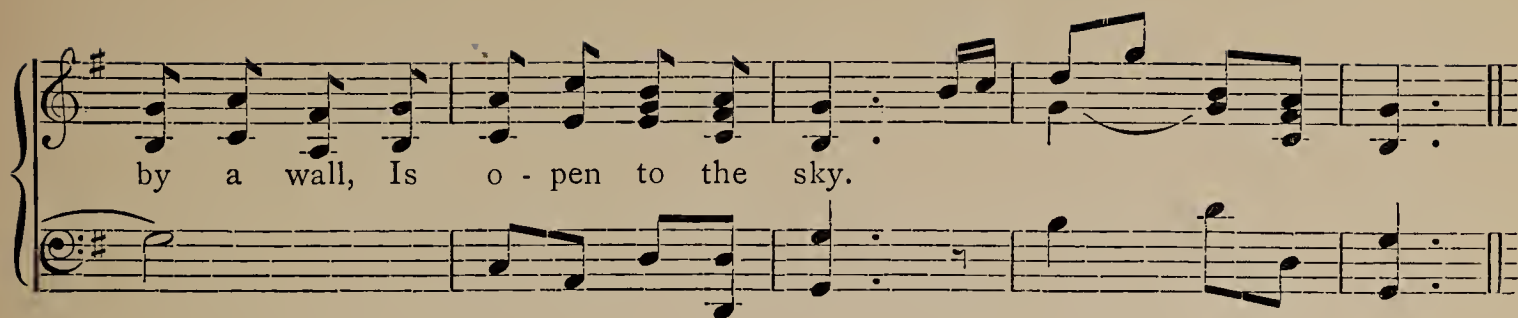
THE CHINESE PIG_x

Lively

1. Old Ma-dam Grumph the Pig has got a pig - sty of her own; She

is a most un - com - mon pig, and likes to live a - lone. A

red-til'd roof - ing co - vers in 'The one-half of her sty; And half, sur-round - ed



II.

There stands the trough, they keep it filled
 With pig-wash and with parings;
 And all the other pigs declare
 Dame Grumph has dainty fairings.
 They like to see what she's about,
 And poke their noses through
 A great hole in the pig-sty door,
 From whence they get a view.

III.

The pigs that run about the yard
 Are very lean and tall,
 With long hind-legs,—but Madam Grumph
 Is round as any ball.
 One Autumn day when she awoke
 ('T was very cold and raw),
 She found a litter of young pigs
 Half buried in the straw.

IV.

“Humph,” said the Dame, “now let me see
 How many I have got.”
 She counted, “six and four are ten,—
 Two dead ones in the lot.”
 “Eight—that’s a nice round family:
 A black one, and two white;
 The rest are spotted like myself,
 With prick ears. That’s all right.”

V.

“What’s to be done with these dead things?
 They’d better be thrown out,”
 Said she, and packed the litter round
 The others with her snout.
 “What’s that, old Grumph?” said a Pig,
 Whose snout peeped through the door;
 “There’s something moving in the straw
 I never saw before.”

VI.

“I wish you’d mind your own affairs,”
 Said she, and stepped between
 The young pigs and the pig-sty door,
 Not wishing to be seen.
 “I hope you slept well,” said the pig,
 “The wind was very high;
 You are most comfortably lodged—
 A most convenient sty.”

PART II.

I. "I thought I told you once be-fore To mind your own af-fairs," Said

she, and, brist-ling up her back, She bit the lean Pig's ears. "Squeak,"

said the bit-ten Pig, "sque-eak! Old Grum-phy's bit-ing hard;" And all the lean Pigs

scam-per'd up From all sides of the yard.

II.

They grumbled and they grunted loud,
 They squeaked in every key;
 At last another Pig peeped through
 To see what he could see.
 Dame Grumph was standing by her pigs,
 And looking very proud,
 And all the little piggy-wigs
 Were squeaking very loud.

III.

"These lovely creatures," said old Grumph,
 "These lovely pigs are mine;
 They're fat and pink, like human babes,—
 Most promising young swine."
 "Indeed," exclaimed the peeping Pig,
 "I never should have thought
 They were so very promising."
 Old Grumph gave a snort.

IV.

"They're of a most distinguished race:
 My mother and her brother
 Were both imported from Peking,—
 My pigs are like my mother.
 They never shall associate
 With long-legged pigs like you,"
 Said she, addressing the lean Pig
 Whose snout was peeping through.

V.

"Begging your pardon, Madam Grumph,
 I really think," said he,
 "The difference is not so great
 As it appears to be.
 If you and I were bacon, ma'am,
 The difference between
 An Irish and a Chinese Pig
 Would hardly then be seen."





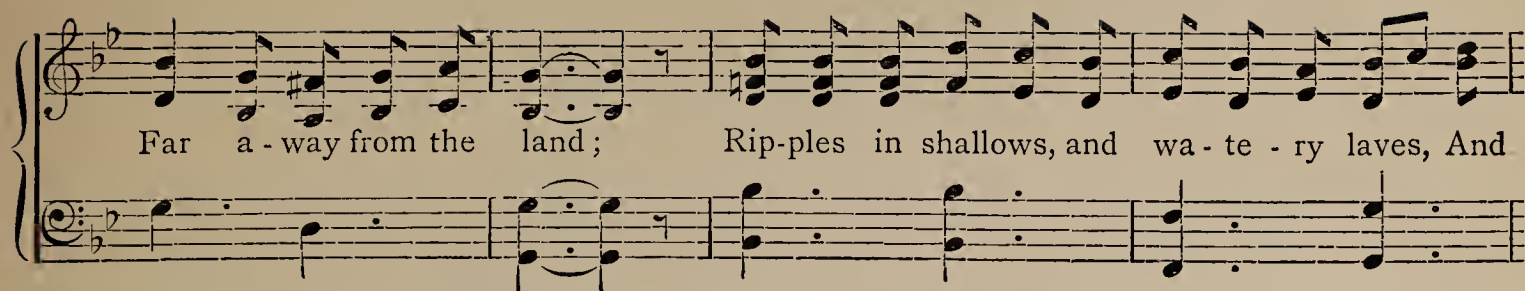
LOW SPRING TIDE.

Moderato.

1. "Tell me, old Fish - er - man, what did you see Down by the low spring

tide?... Did you find a - ny - thing that was pret - ty for me

Close by the wa - ter's side?" "Toss-ing of bil-lows and roll-ing of waves,



II.

"Tell me, old Fisherman, what did you do
Down by the low spring tide?
Fishermen followed you,—more than a few
Busied themselves at your side."
"Casting of nets, and hauling of nets,
And rolling them up to carry,
All in haste, for the tide, when it sets,
Has never been known to tarry."

III.

"Tell me, old Fisherman, when shall you go
Down again to the sea?
May I go too? for I long to know
If there's anything there for me."
"Plenty of water, and plenty of slush,
Plenty of wet on the sand;
And worse, when the water returns with a rush
And in haste to regain the strand."

IV.

Down he went, when he'd shouldered his net,
Down with a swinging stride;
And two little paddling feet, in the wet,
Trotted along by his side.
Haste, for broad is the yellow sand,
And the water is far away,—
The work that the Fisherman has in hand
Admits of no delay.

V.

Little bare feet, you may paddle about;
Little bright eyes you may pry;
Pick up the creatures that wriggle and spout,
At least, little hands, you may try.
Tassels of red, and tassels of white,
Films of most beautiful green,
Floating about in the pools of delight,
With diminutive rocks between.

VI.

Queer little mortals, with shells on their backs,
That shrink in the mud and hide,
Starry anemones stuck in the cracks,
And silvery worms that glide.
"Plenty of things," said the child, with delight,
"Plenty of things for me:
Dear old Fisherman, oh that I might
Come every day to the sea!"

THE HUMBLE BEE.

Andantino.

1. Did you ev - er chance to meet, A - mong the pur - ple clo - ver,

The first system of music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. A piano (p) dynamic marking is placed above the first measure. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

When its flow'rs are full and sweet, A noi - sy hum-ming ro - ver?

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

He is dress'd in tri - co - lor—In black and white and gold; What a fur - ry

The third system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

coat he wears To keep him from the cold!

The fourth system concludes the piece. It includes a piano (p) dynamic marking above the melody. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

II.

All the clover-flowers he robs,
And rifles of their honey;
Pockets all their gold, as if
Their yellow dust was money.
Meet him in the clover-field
On any sunny day,
He will leave you room to pass,
And take another way.

III.

But if he should chance to come
Within the window pane,
Bang he goes, and bumps his head,
And bumps, and bumps again.
“Let me out,” he seems to say,
“And let me pass this way;
I’ll neither turn to right nor left,—
Let me go out, I say.”

IV.

Oh! what a wondrous fuss he makes,
Oh! what a great to-do!
And all because a Humble Bee
Is trying to get through.
They call him humble! what a joke
To give him such a name!
I think if he but heard and spoke,
’T is one he must disclaim.





THE FIFE AND DRUM BAND.

Cheerfully.

f

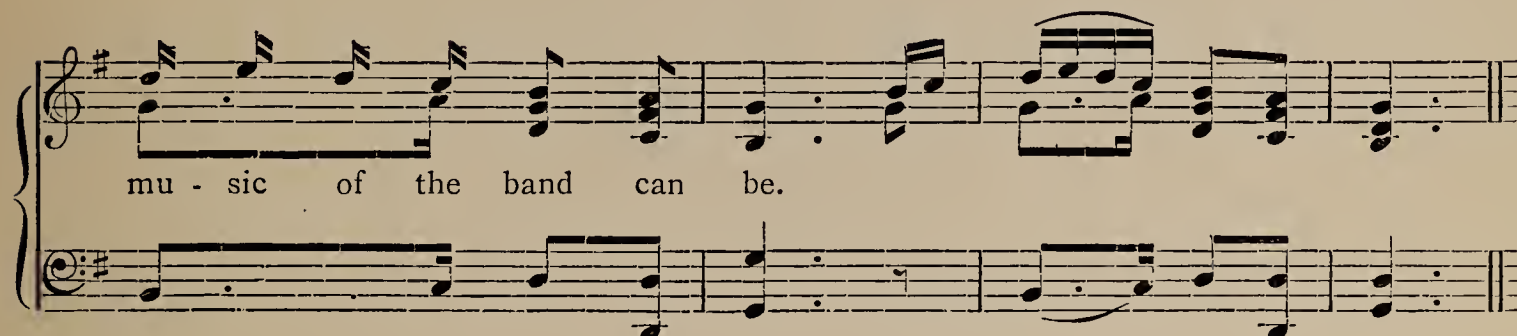
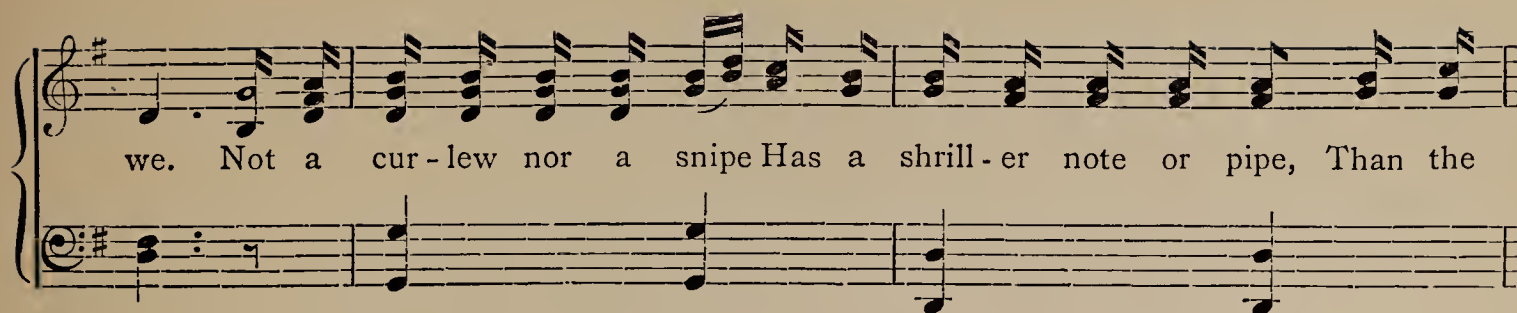
1. We're the mer - ry lit - tle fel - lows Of the fife and drum band, Oh!

mer - ry lit - tle men are we; From the north to the south, Through the

breadth of the land, There is not a bet - ter band than we.

f

Strum! strum! Says the great big drum; Rum - ple - tum! rum - ple - tum! say



II.

We are steady little fellows
 Of the fife and drum band,
 Oh! sturdy little men are we;
 And the tramping of our feet,
 In the middle of the street,
 Is a thing to be heard and to see.
 Strum! strum!
 Goes the great big drum,
 Rumble-tum! rumble-tum! go we;
 And every one we meet,
 When we're marching down the street,
 Says that not a better band can be.

III.

They're a set of loyal fellows
 In the fife and drum band,
 Oh! a set of brave lads are they;
 They would all lead on,
 If the enemy should land,
 And the troops had to march to the sea.
 Strum! strum!
 Goes the great big drum,
 Rumble-dumble! dumble-dum! beats out;
 They would all make a stand
 For the people of the land,
 And "Hurrah for the Queen" they would shout!



BORROWING WINGS.

Moderato.

1. High, high, Up to the sky, I Want to go up to the

2. Coo-ing with sor-row, She says, "You can't bor-row My fea-thers and beau - ti - ful

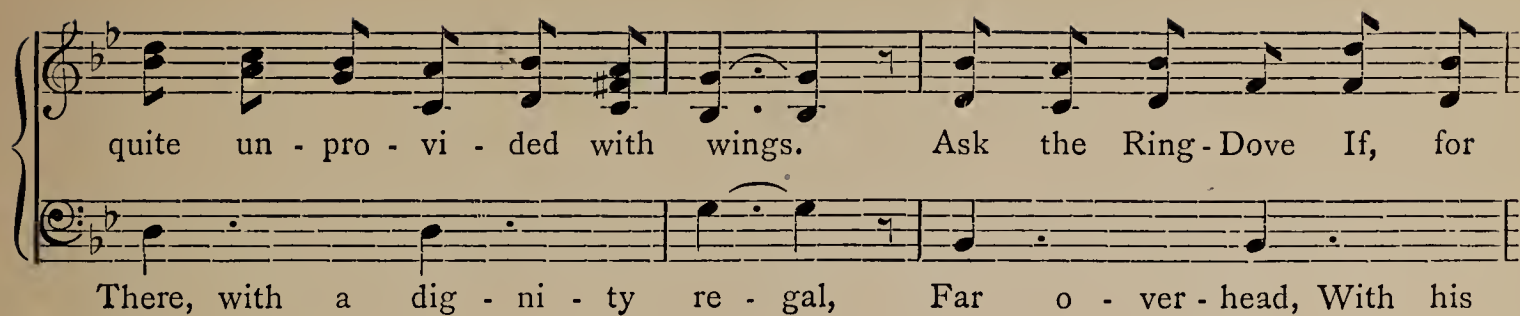
moon... If you're de - si - rous to go up so high, You had

wings."

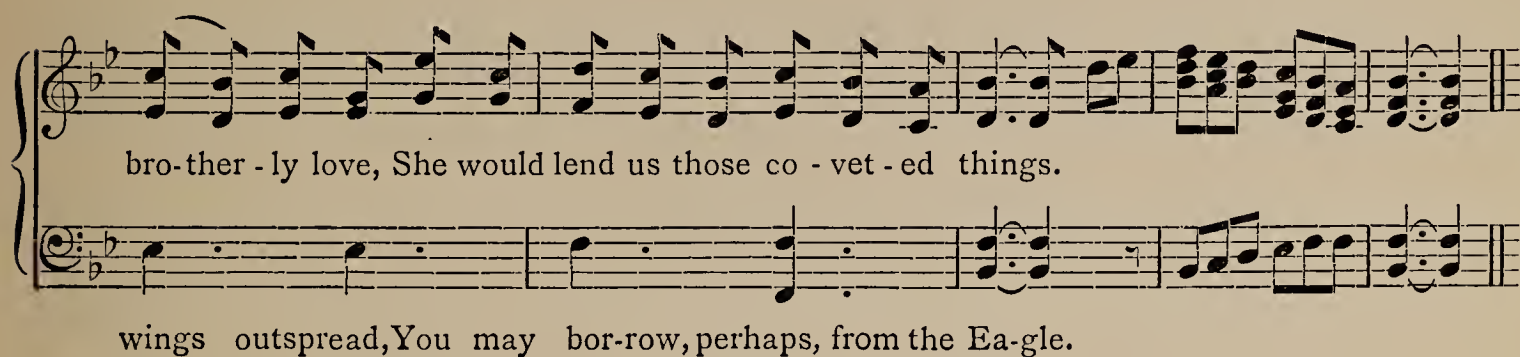
Pur-ple and white, With a change - a - ble light, Oh! they

bet - ter pre-pare for it soon. How shall we go? I real - ly don't know—We're

they are the beau - ti - ful things! Then call a - loud, Call, call to the cloud!



quite un - pro - vi - ded with wings. Ask the Ring - Dove If, for
There, with a dig - ni - ty re - gal, Far o - ver - head, With his



bro - ther - ly love, She would lend us those co - vet - ed things.
wings outspread, You may bor - row, perhaps, from the Ea - gle.

III.

Looking down
With an ominous frown,
Unlike the Dove in her sorrow,
"No," says he,
"Never borrow from me,
I shall want them myself to-morrow."
Call to the Swallow,
And call to the Swift,
As they rapidly cut through the air.
Light are their wings;
But we might make shift
If the Swallow would lend us a pair.

IV.

Astonishing bird!
Do you think that it heard
The modest request that we made?
Gone like a flash,
With a swoop and a dash,
I don't think it heard what was said.
Call to the Swans,
The dignified Swans,
The monarchs they are of the waters.
I think the grand things
Might do without wings,
While they're rearing their sons and their daughters.

V.

Bending her head,
When she heard what was said,
With quivering grace and emotion,
She floated away
In her mute, quiet way,
With her sails full set, for the ocean.
High, high,
Up to the sky,
We ought to be going soon.
If you're thinking of trying,
'T is better than flying,
To borrow the great balloon.



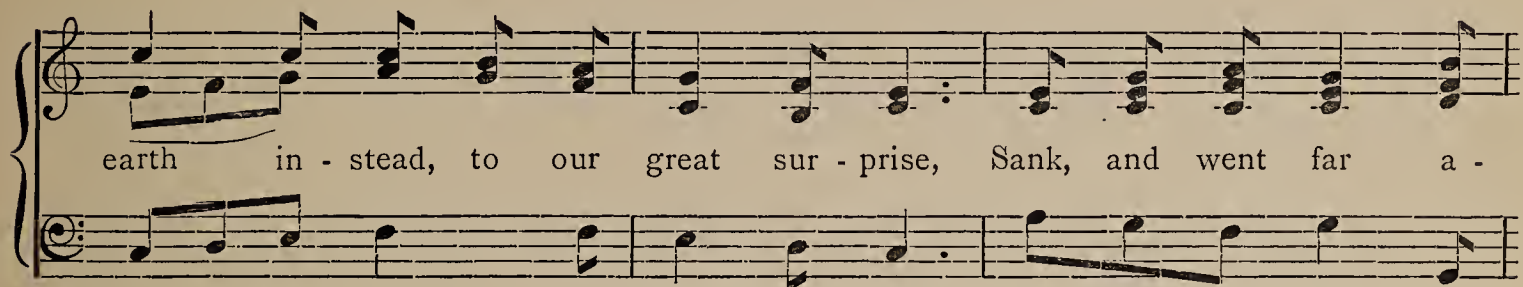
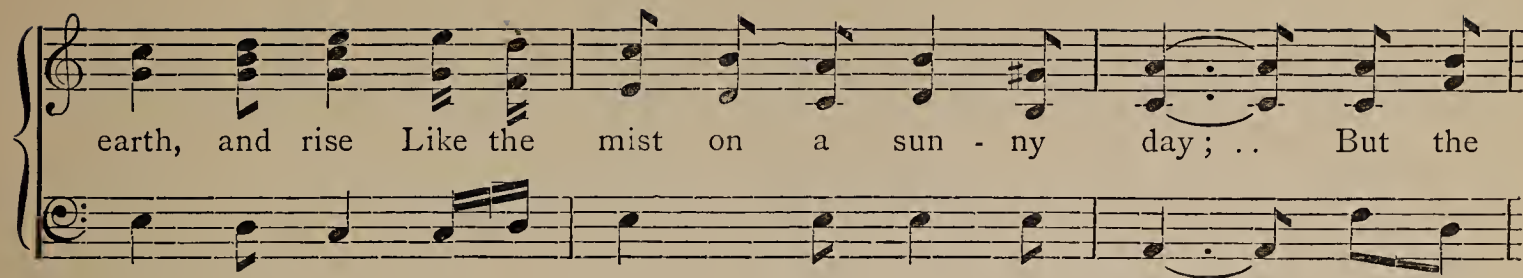
UP IN THE GREAT BALLOON.

Cheerfully.

1. Off, off we set in a great bal-loon, Set off to go up to the

sky; But I think we were ei-ther too late or too soon, For we

ne-ver got up so high... We want-ed to spring from the



II.

At first it looked like a beautiful plain,
 With a village, a church, and a steeple;
 Patches of yellow were fields of grain,
 And we counted the cows and the people.
 Down it went, and we saw it fall
 Farther and farther away,
 Till it looked like the little embroidery ball
 Which the children use at play.

III.

Oh, it was cold in the crystal air!
 Cold, and perfectly still;
 And we hung like a motionless thing up there,
 Like a thing without power or will.
 There was not a cloud above or below,
 The earth had dropt out of sight,
 And all around was a dazzling glow,
 And a blaze of tremendous light.

IV.

"Oh," said the little bewildered child,
 "When I begged to go up to the moon,
 How little I knew that the thing I should do,
 Was to die in the great balloon.
 I wish I was safe on the earth again,
 And far away from the moon;
 I never would roam from my happy home,
 Nor go in a great balloon."



THREE LITTLE OWLETS.

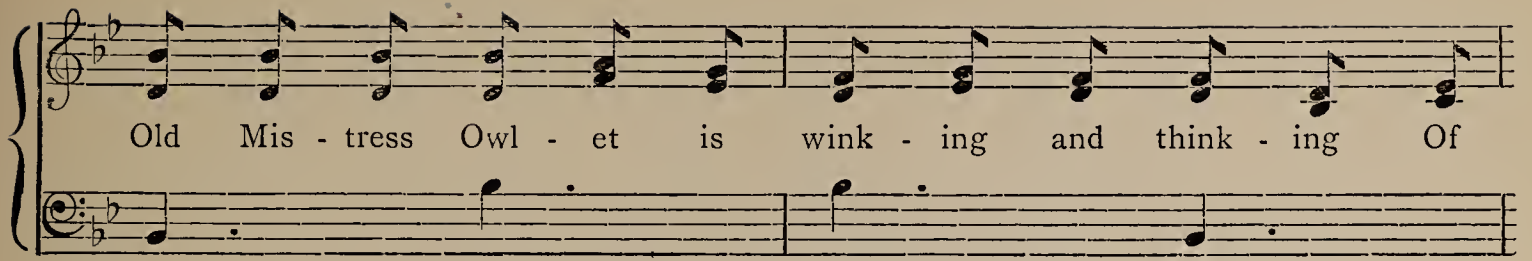
Moderato.

1. Three lit - tle Owl - ets with co - mi - cal fa - ces, Are snug - ly en - sconc'd in the

wall, Ac - cus - tom'd to liv - ing in pe - ri - lous pla - ces, But

quite un - ac - cus - tom'd to fall. . . . Old Mis - ter Owl - et is

snor - ing and blink - ing, With such a queer cap on his head!



II.

Up in the turret, where ivy is thickest,
 There is the place for the Owls.
 Just where the berries are ripening quickest,
 Sit the old birds in their cowl.
 Old Mr. Owlet is snoring and blinking,
 With such a queer cap on his head!
 Old Mrs. Owlet is winking, and thinking
 Of all the young Owlets in bed.

III.

"I wonder the Jackdaws, that live in the turret,
 Can make such a noise as they do!
 Clack-at-y-Jack! what a horrible worret!
 Te-whit, and te-whee, and te-whoo-o-o-o!"
 Old Mr. Owlet is snoring and blinking,
 With such a queer cap on his head!
 Old Mrs. Owlet is winking, and thinking
 Of all the small Owlets in bed.

IV.

"Can't they be quiet, and silence their clatter?"
 Inquired the old Owl of his wife.
 "Clack-at-y-Jack! what *can* be the matter?
 Tormenting one out of one's life."
 Old Mr. Owlet is snoring and blinking,
 With such a queer cap on his head!
 Old Mrs. Owlet is winking, and thinking
 Of all the small Owlets in bed.

V.

"Four in the morning is time to be quiet,
 When owlets are going to bed.
 Clack-at-y-Jack! what a terrible riot
 They make on the wall overhead!"
 Old Mr. Owlet is snoring and blinking,
 With such a queer cap on his head!
 Old Mrs. Owlet is winking, and thinking
 Of all the small Owlets in bed.





MR. AND MRS. JACKDAW.

Cheerfully.

1. "Can't they be qui - et?" said Jack to his mis - sus; "A ve - ry good joke in -

- deed: If puf - fy old Owl has a mind to dis - miss us, He'd

bet - ter de - clare it's de - creed." Good Mis - sus Jack is a

talk - a - tive crea - ture, She al - ways had plen - ty to say;

Good Mis - ter Daw — he has no spe - cial fea - ture — His

neck is in - clin - ing to grey.

II.

A faithful, and fond, and loquacious old couple
 Were Mr. Jack-Daw and his wife.
 The tongues of the Jack-Daws are wondrously supple,
 And yet they can talk without strife !
 Oh, would that the men of the new generation
 Could live like the Daws in the towers !
 Discussing affairs of the Church and the nation
 With rather superior powers.

III.

The Daws, who are somewhat deficient in breeding,
 And seldom speak one at a time,
 Can clack and be friends, while our men of much reading
 Must fight without reason or rhyme.
 Yes, men very often, without rhyme or reason,
 Give way to a quarrelsome mind,
 And rush into riot, contention, and treason,
 Enjoyment expecting to find.





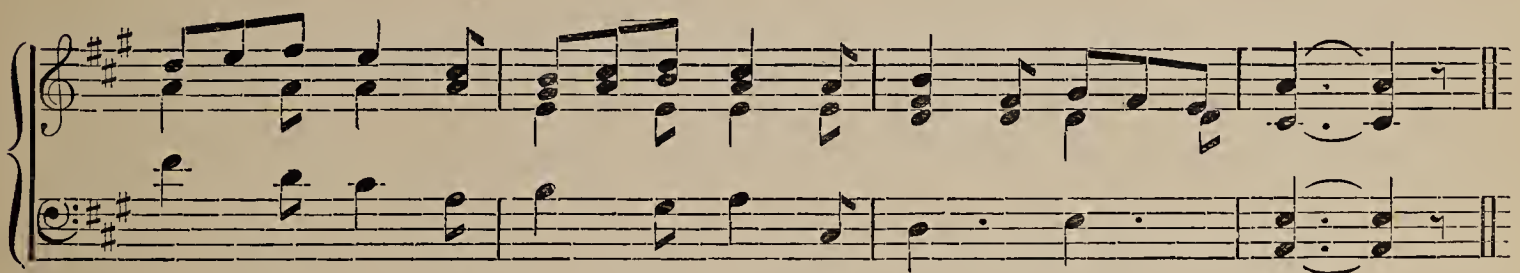
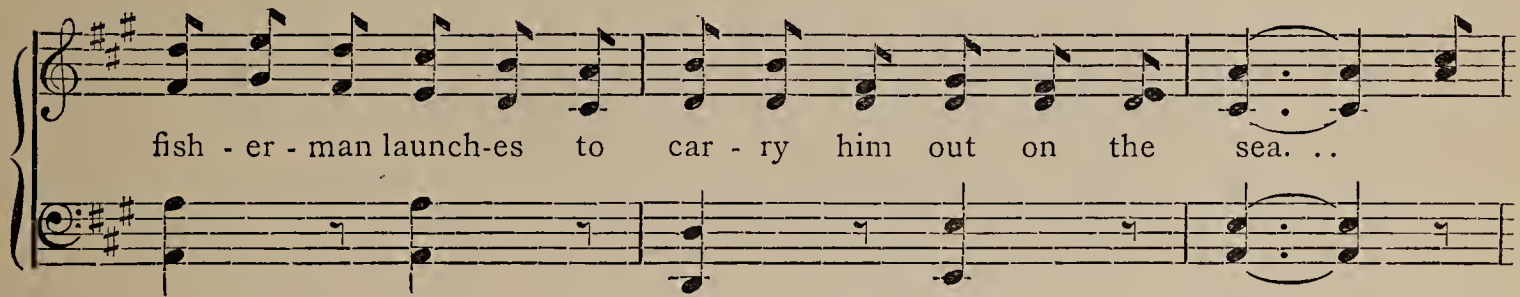
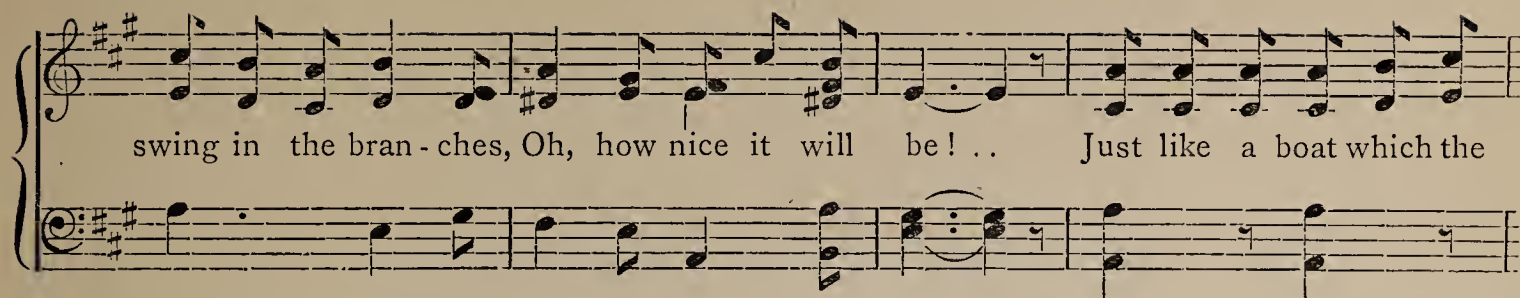
THE TOP OF THE TREE.

Gracefully.

1. Some - bo - dy's liv - ing and some - bo - dy's dead, But no - bo - dy cares for

me; .. So at last I have ta - ken it in - to my head that I'll

live at the top of a tree. .. *p* Swing, swing,



II.

Sometimes the Squirrel will pay me a visit,
 Sometimes he stays away :
 Sometimes an acorn is ripe, and it is it
 That tempts him from day to day.
 Swing, swing, swing in the branches,
 Oh, how nice it will be !
 Just like a boat which the fisherman launches
 To carry him out to sea.

III.

Sometimes a Robin, and sometimes a Linnet,
 Will perch on the tree to rest,
 But the Woodpecker's wife, as she keeps house within it,
 Will prove, of all neighbours, the best.
 Swing, swing, swing in the branches,
 Oh, how nice it will be !
 Just like a boat which the fisherman launches
 To carry him out to sea.



LITTLE SALLICARIA.

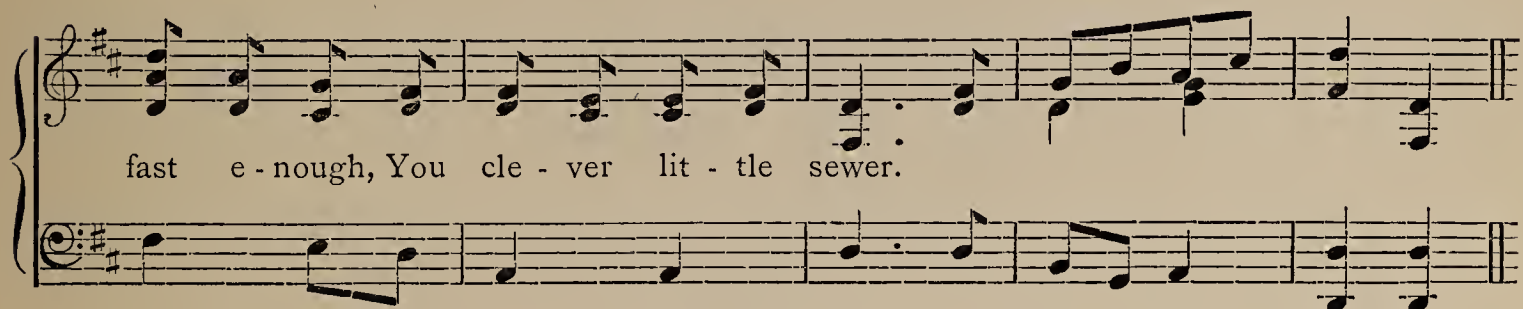
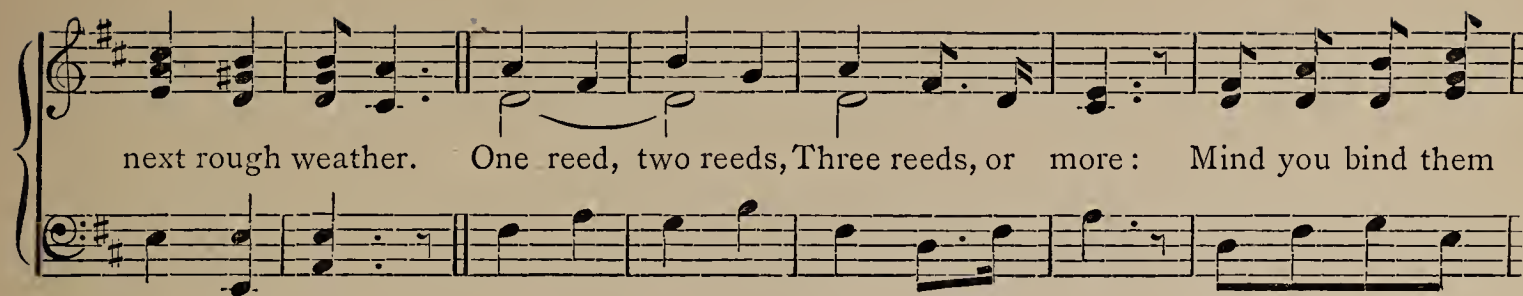
Allegretto.

mf

1. Lit - tle Sal - li - ca - ri - a, Who lives a - mong the reeds,

She can build a pret - ty nest Of dry pond weeds. Make it long, and

make it strong, And bind the reeds to - ge - ther, Lest the wind should tear it down The



II.

Dry weeds, and pond weeds,
 Will make a tidy nest:
 Not so comfortably soft
 For little Sallie's breast.
 She must find a lock of wool,
 And just a little hair:
 She knows how to spread it out,
 A nice soft layer.
 One reed, two reeds,
 Three reeds, or more;
 If they're growing near enough,
 You'd better use four.

III.

Make it very deep, because
 The reeds will swing about:
 If you make it shallow,
 All the eggs will tumble out.
 Roaring winds may sweep across
 The surface of the pool,
 While she makes her nest without
 A needle or a tool.
 One reed, two reeds,
 Three reeds, or more;
 Leave it open at the top,
 To serve for a door.

IV.

Many things are watching her—
 Blue flies and red,
 Dragonflies with gauzy wings,
 High overhead.
 Water-Spiders skating on
 The surface of the water,
 Wonder,—she can build a nest,
 When nobody has taught her!
 One reed, two reeds,
 Three reeds, or more;
 Sallie, did you ever build
 A little nest before?



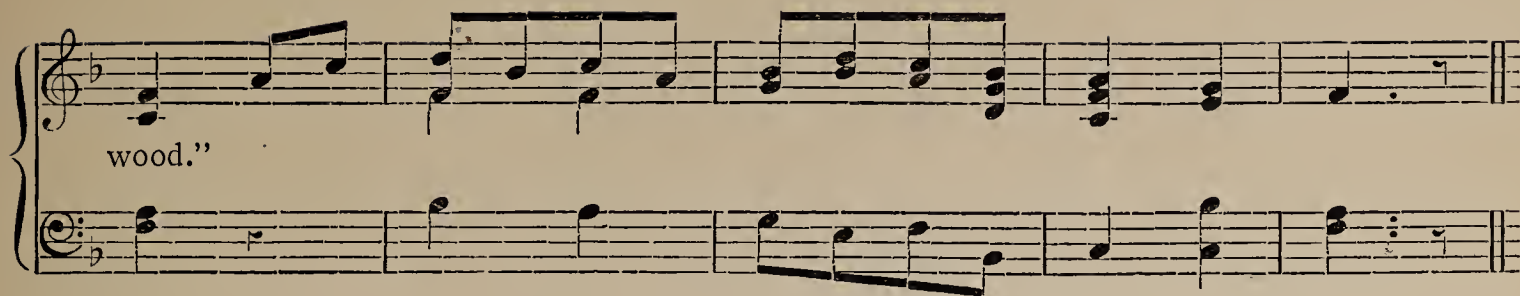
BEECH-NUTS.

Moderato.

1. Ha - zel nuts are plen - ti - ful, Cob - nuts are rare: Just a few be -

f
- low the tree, A few up there. Ches - nuts, beech - nuts, All nuts are

good; Said the Squir - rel to him - self, "Ne - ver leave the



II.

Cherry-stones are nice to eat,
 Peach-stones are hard ;
 Filberts I prefer to both,—
 Find them in the yard.
 Beech-nuts, beech-nuts,
 All nuts are good ;
 Said the Squirrel to himself,
 "Never leave the wood."

III.

Apricots are getting ripe,
 Plums ripe too ;
 Just a taste, just a taste,
 Carry off a few.
 Beech-nuts, beech-nuts,
 All nuts are good ;
 Said the Squirrel to himself,
 "Never leave the wood."

IV.

Who steals my fruit ?
 Who steals plums ?
 Garden boys, garden boys,
 Have you guilty thumbs ?
 Beech-nuts, beech-nuts,
 All nuts are good ;
 Said the Squirrel to himself,
 "Never leave the wood."

V.

I know who steals
 Apricots and pears ;
 Who scales garden walls
 Without steps or stairs.
 Somebody with sharp teeth,
 And with a bushy tail :
 If we catch him in a trap,
 We'll never take bail.

Beech-nuts, beech-nuts,
 All nuts are good ;
 Said the Squirrel to himself,
 "Never leave the wood."





TOMMY HOOD'S GOODS.

Moderato.

mf

I. There once was a man, and he liv'd in a Hood, And we're

hi - ding him now in an - o - ther; He could say ma - ny

things both wise and good, For a poor lit - tle sis - ter or



II.

He could tell tales that would rouse your mirth,
 And tales that would make you cry,—
 Of things that are happening now on earth,
 Or will happen by-and-bye.

III.

'T was he who invented the wonderful leg
 That was better for cripples than crutches;
 The first was made for a Kilmansegg,
 That chanced to fall into his clutches.

IV.

He told of the girl with a sorrowful heart,
 Who threw herself into the river,
 Because there was no one to take her part,
 Or tell her that God would forgive her.

V.

A very sour woman he knew—and they say
 That she turned her preserves into pickles,
 And lived like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
 Tormenting herself with her prickles.



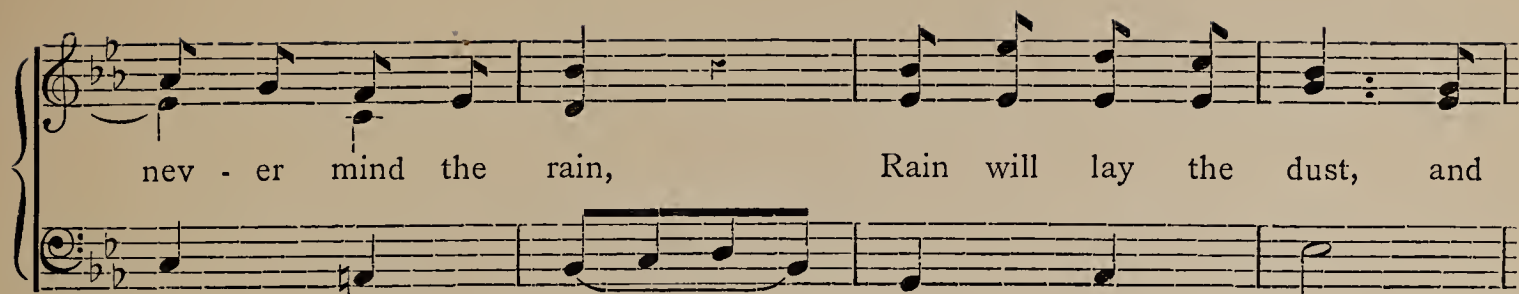


A BRAMBLING.

Allegretto.

1. What a hur - ry - scur - ry! scores of lit - tle feet, Down the lane they

clat - ter, ne - ver mind the heat, Ne - ver mind the dust, and



II.

Oh, what bursts of laughter! oh, what fun and glee!
 Alice, little gipsy, what's in store for thee?
 Tell us what you're planning, tell us what you mean?
 "Make a crown of brambles, Alice to be Queen."

III.

"Make a crown of brambles? wear it? No, not I—
 He who makes it, wear it—welcome heartily."
 Says she softly, slyly, "Wear it for my sake."
 Bravo, little Alice! that's the law you make.

IV.

"What a crown of thorns for my poor little head!
 Honeysuckle, please, or something sweet instead.
 Bad enough to handle, bad enough to twist,
 Think how they would tear your fingers and your wrist."

V.

Squishing, squashing, dropping—how the Brambles bled!
 Hands and merry faces purple-stained and red.
 What a gleesome chatter, what a happy crew!
 Such a joyous Brambling no one ever knew.

VI.

Brambles, purple Brambles—plenty all around—
 Weighing down the branches, trailing on the ground;
 Brambles ripe and juicy, Brambles black as ink,
 Hanging out of reach across the river's brink.

vii. Plen - ty on the hed - ges, plen - ty in the lane, Bas - kets fill'd and

emp - tied, bas - kets fill'd a - gain, Pil'd to o - ver - flow - ing.

Ga - ther'd round the store, Bu - sy lit - tle fin - gers

cease to ga - ther more.

VIII.

Tired at last and weary--oh, the sultry heat!
 Seek a place of shelter, find a pleasant seat.
 Off go hats and jackets; down upon the moss
 Weary children sprawl, and empty baskets toss.

IX.

“Half an hour or more before the sun will set ;
 Let us rest awhile, there 's no great hurry yet.
 Not so very far from this place to the town,
 Let us wait and see the setting sun go down.”

X.

Little Alice wonders why it grows so red—
 Why the clouds are growing rosy overhead.
 “Why do ripple—spangles make across the sea,
 Such a golden road between the sun and me ?”

XI.

“Just because the sun,” makes answer little Fred,
 “Wears a scarlet nightcap when he goes to bed.
 Beyond the golden road, between the sun and thee,
 The sun lays down his head and sleeps below the sea.”

XII.

“Oh,” said little Alice, “now I understand
 Why the moon comes up, and shines across the land !
 Stars are all so tiny—just a little spark—
 Only like a glow-worm shining in the dark.

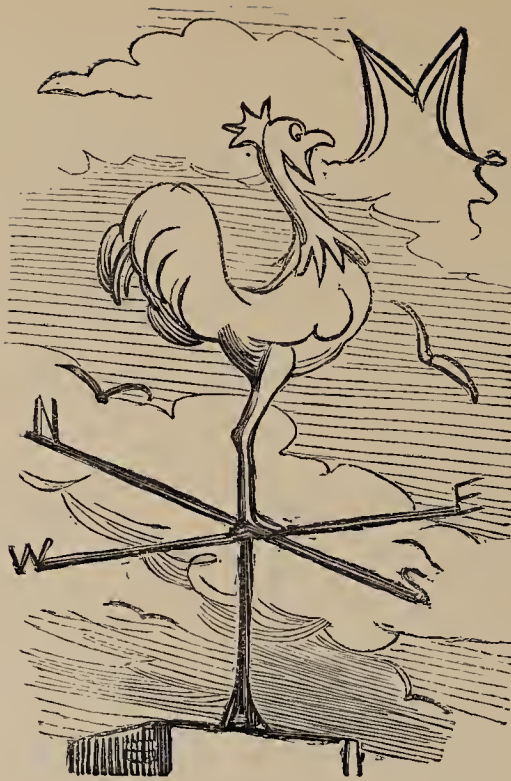
XIII.

“When the sun 's asleep, oh, dear ! what should we do ?
 Suppose the moon should say that she was sleepy too !”
 “Suppose she did,” said Fred, “why, nobody would care ;
 Of course the moon must do as she is bid up there.”

XIV.

“Of course she must,” and Alice clapped her little hands.
 “The sun and moon, like us, must all obey commands.”
 “Behold,” says Fred, “the sun, who draws his nightcap on !
 Look out—be still—be still—going—going—gone !”





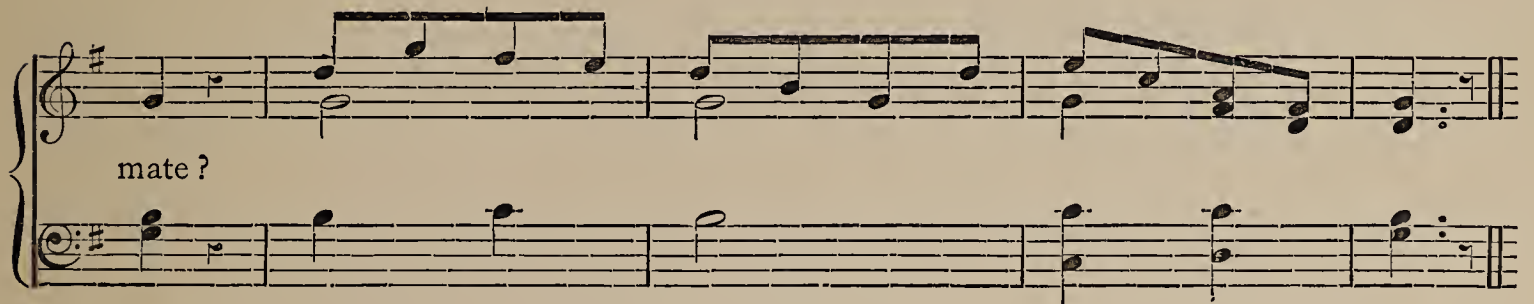
POLLY WEATHERCOCK.

Lively.

1. Mar - ried to a Wea - ther - cock, What can Pol - ly do?

When it turns round a - bout, Shall Pol - ly turn too?

Pol - ly would be du - ti - ful And grace her wed - ded



II.

Weathercock, they set him up
 Aloft upon the spire;
 He can shift and turn about,
 But cannot get up higher.
 If he could get higher up,
 Assuredly he would,
 But as he can't he says, "Content,
 I'm beautiful and good."

III.

Weathercock is fresh and new,
 But passes off for old;
 He is only made of brass,
 Although he looks like gold.
 He is gilt with shiny leaf,
 They say it came from Rome;
 Such a showy Weathercock
 They cannot make at home.

IV.

When he found himself aloft,
 Above the quiet people,
 His poor head began to turn
 Upon the high church steeple;
 So first he turned towards the north,
 And then to'ards the west,
 And then inclining to'ards the east,
 He settled that was best.

V.

Mrs. Polly Weathercock,
 The only thing for you
 Is just to make the best of it,
 Be quiet and be true.
 You need not shift with every wind,
 Like your queer mate above;
 Be firm and patient—try your best
 To steady him with love.

VI.

They say that Mrs. Weathercock
 Is nothing but a stone!
 A very useful stone indeed,
 As her queer mate must own;
 For without her, if left up there,
 He could not stand alone,
 But only bend, and bow, and wail
 And tumble with a groan.



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